



















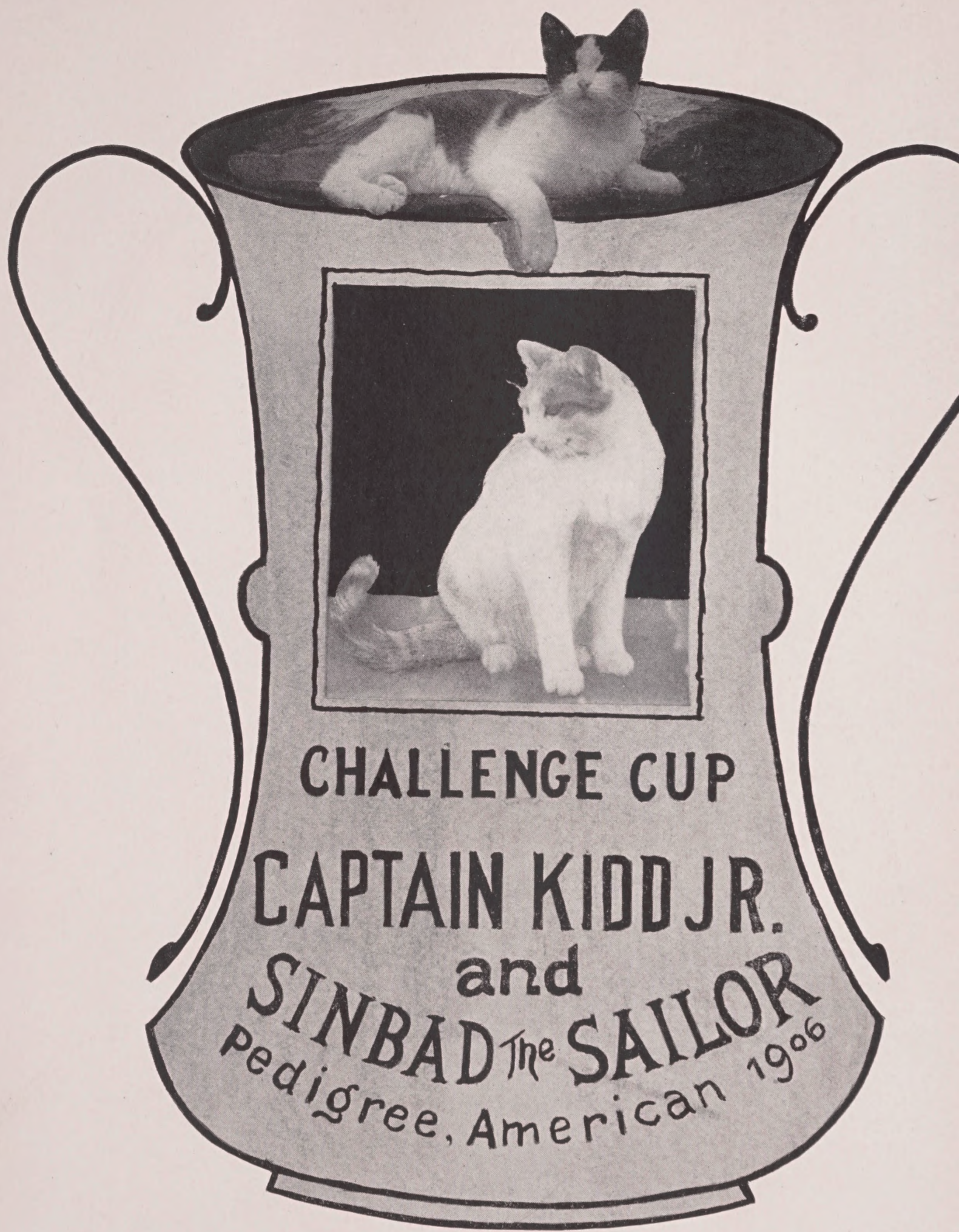






CAPTAIN KIDD JR.  
AND  
SINBAD THE SAILOR





CHALLENGE CUP

CAPTAIN KIDD JR.

and

SINBAD<sup>The</sup> SAILOR

Pedigree, American 1906



CAPTAIN KIDD JR.  
AND  
SINBAD THE SAILOR

A TALE OF TWO KITTENS

BY  
CARO SENOUR

AUTHOR OF MASTER ST. ELMO, FLOWER BALLADS,  
MUSICAL POEMS, ETC.



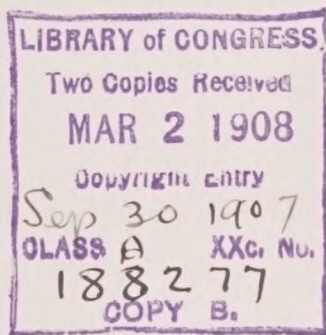
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C. S. SENOUR  
ALPINE HOME  
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

1908



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BY  
CARO SMITH-SENOUR





TO MY BELOVED  
MOTHER

WHO HAS INSTILLED IN THE BREAST OF HER ONLY CHILD  
A LOVE FOR CHILDREN AND FOR ALL OF  
GOD'S CREATURES.

I CAN PAY NO GREATER TRIBUTE TO HER EARLY  
TEACHING THAN TO PLACE  
THIS LITTLE BOOK IN HER DEAR HANDS.

CARO SMITH-SENOUR







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These two little kittens really live and the story is true.  
Of course you know that kittens cannot talk, but they  
make themselves understood; and, were they able to relate  
their experiences, I feel sure that this is the way that they  
would talk to you. As interpreter for them, I welcome  
you all to the little secrets of their life, and sign myself,

The children and animals' friend,

CARO SMITH-SENOUR.








# CAPTAIN KIDD JR.

AND

# SINBAD THE SAILOR

---

## CHAPTER I

HEN, upon a beautiful August morning, the handsome steamship Illinois, like a mighty sea-bird, plied gracefully into Chicago harbor, the watchers on the shore did not suppose that two such important passengers as "Captain Kidd Jr." and "Sinbad the Sailor," were aboard and about to land.

It was not announced when the Illinois left port Manistee that these two noted gentlemen had taken passage; so no one, not even the Captain nor his crew, knew that they were aboard.

They did not register as passengers do, nor did they engage a state-room, still they occupied one of the finest on the hurricane-deck, and had their meals served "table d'hote" in this private apartment.

Now, children, you will have a chance to guess how two passengers could enter a large guarded ship unnoticed, and receive the best that was to be had.

Captain Kidd Jr. is a blond, quite pale, with yellow hair, and Sinbad the Sailor is a brunette, with white face and very black hair, parted "dude" fashion, in the middle.

They were partners on this trip, sharing the joys and discomforts of the journey. The voyage was rather rough, and it seemed to disagree with their meals and spirits.



These two explorers sailed from port Manistee at 2:30 P. M., on Monday, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in reminiscences of the past month, spent in the north at a fishing-port.

At six, dinner was served in their state-room. Everything tasted good, and there seemed to be nothing to mar the pleasure of a fine meal on a vessel, when suddenly Captain Kidd Jr. stepped into a dish of milk and splashed it all over the sailor's nice, Sunday, black coat. Sinbad the Sailor was compelled to wash his face and hands after cleaning his coat, and with a disgusted air he accused the Captain of being clumsy; this embarrassed the Captain, who resented such disrespect to his dignity; in consequence the rest of the dinner was eaten in silence, these gentlemen not being on speaking terms.

The first dispute arose that night when Sinbad the Sailor insisted upon occupying the lower berth and upon usurping the pillow. Captain Kidd, in view of his own superior position, rebelled. To the occupants of the upper berth, the conversation of these two distinguished sailors was most amusing. It was clearly shown that they preferred to sleep upon the masts of a ship or in the sailor's bunks. Captain Kidd declared that Sinbad kicked him in the back, so Sinbad apologized, but there was a little coolness between them the rest of the night, especially as the Captain fell out of bed, which so disgusted him that he forgot to accuse his dear bed-fellow of pushing. Sinbad gave a way-down-South smile at the thought of a whole bed to himself. The next morning Sinbad the Sailor asked Captain Kidd whether he did not think it an extra long and rough voyage. "No!" said the Captain, in a gruff voice; "my ancestor, Captain Kidd, has sailed the seas for many years in the minds of the little people, in the story-book about him, so I, of course, must be as great a sailor. It was not at all rough or long to me, but you are a timid sailor, and you do not like tumbling



about; when you are a little older and have had more experience, I hope you will overcome your girlish ways and be a man; so brace up, Sinbad!

“All I wish now is, that some one would open the door, for I should like to get on the ‘lookout.’ Why do they keep us shut up like prisoners, Sinbad?” “Why, don’t you know, you foolish chap, that we are ‘sneaking a ride’?” “Oh!” said the Captain.



“S. S. ILLINOIS”



## CHAPTER II

### THE CAPTURE AS RELATED BY SINBAD THE SAILOR

If I tell you something, don't you tell, for Captain Kidd gets so embarrassed, you know. Well! the joke is, that when the family looked for my partner, the Captain, in the state-room, he was not to be seen; but after a careful survey under the berths, he was found asleep on the bundle of life-preservers; how is that for a brave sailor? We all giggled.

However, Captain Kidd's wish was granted, but in a little different way from what we had expected and desired. The humiliating part was that we were captured by a maiden, who came into our state-room to make the beds, and she very kindly took us, bag and baggage (I should say kittens and kitten-house) down into the room below, where they had trunks and a menagerie. We were to be an addition to the show. There was a cunning (at a distance) little puppy tied to the end of a rope, a bird in a cage, and several large animals in the room, which we afterwards heard were the clerks; so you children will have to find out for yourselves what they looked like. Well, we really enjoyed that cage better, for there was "something doing" all the time, and every one was so kind to us. When the lady to whom we belonged, missed us, she was much alarmed; but, upon finding us both in the lap of the woman detective, our captor, who was petting us and calling us by endearing names, she thought it quite a joke, so we all were happy. But I must give you a little lesson here: never try to sneak in anywhere; always do things "open and aboveboard" for all to see; then you will never be accused of telling falsehoods or of doing anything underhanded.



We really did not intend this in that way, as we knew that dogs had to be left in the care of the baggage-man, but we thought that birds and innocent little kittens could be protected by the owners in their state-rooms. Never be afraid to trust your pets to the care of the baggage-man on the trains or on the boats, as they are humane and kind to animals. Always remember to be kind to all animals; to protect them from harm, to feed the hungry dogs, cats, birds, horses; in fact, all animals depending on your support in your cities and towns, and to report all cruelty done to them to the Humane Society. Remember that animals are dumb, and cannot tell their troubles and pains as you little people can, and that they suffer just as much as you do from hunger and cold and thirst. Keep a pan of water in your yard for the birds, dogs, and cats; fill it with *fresh* water each day, and do good in the world by caring for some of God's creatures. Remember the motto of the noble and kind dog St. Elmo, who always brought poor animals home to feed them, and to give them his comforts of a good home.

My motto: "By being kind to all animals, and by protecting horses and dogs, you are befriending man's best and most faithful friends."—ST. ELMO.



### CHAPTER III

The next morning at ten o'clock the steamship arrived at Chicago harbor, and there was a stir on deck, for some kind informer had said that Captain Kidd and Sinbad the Sailor were on board and about to depart. Of course the passengers lined up along the gangway and dock to see the two great personages land. They were still waiting, when a little box with a fancy bag around it was carried in a gentleman's right hand and deposited in a waiting cab. The box contained the two distinguished passengers, Captain Kidd Jr. and Sinbad the Sailor. I do not know whether the watchers are still waiting and holding the boat in the harbor, or whether they have become wise ere this and have left without satisfying their curiosity; but I do know that the two heroes of my story were very happy when they were released from the box at the Wellington hotel, where they were guests for a few days.

Sinbad the Sailor, being interviewed by a reporter, said:

We did not like the conveyance so well as some folks supposed, as the box was small for two growing kittens (for we really seemed to grow fast after we were put into it, the day before). You see, Mr. Curious Reporter, it happened in this way: The lady who brought us home, and who was the managing companion of the gentleman who seemed to usurp the right of carrying us about (against his will, don't you know), made a nice box for us at the summer resort before we left, with the slats across the front very smooth. It was no doubt a nice box, seeing a woman carpenter designed and made it. When this little house was ready for us, we were tucked head foremost through a hole in the roof into the parlor, or living-room, as it was only



a one-room house. How I admired and sympathized with dear old Santa Claus, for I knew then what a hard time he had getting down some of the chimneys, and I was not so fat as he. I decided that Santa Claus must be made like the pouter pigeon, for it can inflate itself and puff away out when it wants to, and then draw in all the puff and look very small. After we had made the daring descent, and only had just time to get a peep at the sky above, bang! went the skylight, and we had only slits in the side of the box to peep through. As we were so hastily deposited there without our consent, we did not speak to each other for some time, each one turning over in his mind the past, and wondering what naughty thing he had done to deserve this prison. I thought it was Captain's fault, and he said afterwards that he thought it was mine, and as we both "catch it" when either falls into mischief, it was easy to figure out that the one-half of the other had been naughty. After some talking and laughing by those standing around, we were unceremoniously turned over on our sides, and the door in the roof suddenly became the front door, through which, with great dignity, we walked. After that we ran in and out at our leisure, but just as we were becoming acquainted with our new apartment, another flat was prepared for us, which proved an unfit habitation even for cats. Now, Mr. Curious Reporter, this is a very long story, so if you wish to be excused in order to be on hand for the next sensational make-up, I certainly will excuse you, for I am talking as fast as I can. May I ask just one question of you, as you have found out so much about me? How is it that you reporters are always right on the spot, usually without the knowledge of the participants, when all these wonderful feats are being performed? Bewildered and appalled, Mr. Curious Reporter vanished, and I am left to tell you our story all by myself. We had a visitor at our cabin who was called "Otis" by the boys, but "a bach-



elor" by the lady who owned us. However, he thought that a box was an unsightly and awkward thing to carry about, and particularly as we were to travel on trains and boats, and he (the bachelor, I mean) suggested a basket; so the other man, being only a poor married man, had to agree that it would be much better. Men always agree against the weaker sex, and so the basket was brought into use. The lady, however, said that it could not hold two such strenuous kittens, but she, like a good, sacrificing woman, decided to take it. She lined it with strong cretonne all spotted with yellow and green flowers, and fixed it so pretty and soft that we thought it the "swellest flat" we had been given so far. Well, we all started for the boat, the lady carrying the lovely basket. We soon discovered that there were no windows in our new apartment; the beauty and softness had so dazzled our eyes that the practical part about exits did not enter our intoxicated brains; but now as the whistles were blowing, the engines puffing, and the people talking behind our backs, the darkness became unbearable to us, and the soft basket became the ugliest and hardest place imaginable. Finally we got our heads together and decided to tunnel out our own doorway, which we did after a hard tussle. First, we had to tear a hole in the cloth with our teeth, and then with our fore feet to scratch until we had made an exit large enough for two cats to go through at the same time; for you know the same spirit dominates in animals as in people; that is, the desire "to get there" first, which we both did, to the dismay of our owners. Our exit was so evenly made that they said we looked like one cat with two heads. Of course, Captain said that he got out first, but I know that I did, for after our heads were through the opening I crawled under him. We did not have time to argue, however, for we were captured and landed in our lady's lap. It happened that she had cautiously



closed the cabin door of the boat, or we should have gone overboard in our rush to be free, for everything was so strange that we were frightened. In a few minutes we quieted down, and the ladies of our party wrapped us in their long coats and held us in their laps; so we tried to be good. After a time, Captain Kidd became tired of laps, and so he climbed up and looked out of the window; then he was sorry, for he could see nothing but water, and we were away out in the middle of it; and if there is one thing more than another that my partner is afraid of, it is water. I am only one degree better. When he said "water," I raised up my head and looked out, with my eyes shut, so as not to see the dreadful sight. The gentlemen of the party stayed out on the deck, and oh, how they did tease the lady! She really did have a hard time saying sweet things to us, for she was boiling over with disagreeableness. When we landed, a good doctor, who was landing too, offered to carry the bottle of milk and our tin cup, so we got up to the hotel at "Fouch" without further jarring to our nerves. Here a closed-in porch with wire screening had been prepared for us some months before (you know, the kind with tiny square holes, made to keep out the busy flies and the noisy night singers and to make you think you are seeing smoke). Well, we had to wait ten minutes here for a train to Manistee; so our lady had to busy herself finding us a new flat. She did not ask the sturdy members of the party for assistance, as she was a little disgusted with them. The "bachelor" was too aristocratic to hunt in the alley for a box, and her companion was too much ashamed to be called "easy," so she went alone and found a strawberry-crate and went to work building a second house for us. We could hear the hammering, and we felt sure, with a shudder, that each thump said "you, you, you!" This box seemed to be a three-cornered square box. My! how the sturdy



members of the party laughed at the poor, tired lady! We both felt sorry for her. We knew, but the sturdy members did not know, that the same good doctor who had carried our milk-bottle, had quietly gone around the hotel and found our owner, and helped her to make the three-cornered square house for the rest of our journey. Our lady said the good doctor designed the three-cornered square box, but he blushingly relinquished all claim, and gallantly gave all the credit to the lady. However, he will have his reward some day, for all kind deeds are recorded, and especially any kindness to animals. The train came in ten minutes and we were transported once more, wiser and better cats for the knowledge we had so early gained in life. The record of house-building was broken by the ten-minutes deal; even Chicago must "tender the palm." The lady laughed to herself when her companion carried the crooked-box off the train, and she thought, as all women do, "I told you so." The first little box made at the summer resort was a gem, although the "bachelor" was ashamed to have it in his company. It was a palace beside the three-cornered square box which he was forced to keep company with and respect. He said nothing, but pondered much. After that experience I should think that the "bachelor" would go right away and buy him a wife. "I declare," said our lady, "it is plain to see that every bachelor should be a married one." But listen! the worst was to come! we both had scratched noses and broken whiskers when we arrived home, for this box had not been smoothed off, and the splinters just fought us terribly when we tried to peek out or get out. My! Captain Kidd was a sight; one side of his long whiskers had disappeared, all but two or three little stumps, and his left eyebrows the same; his nose was scratched, and with the blood on it he looked just as if he had been in a prize-fight. I was ashamed of him and I told him so, and then



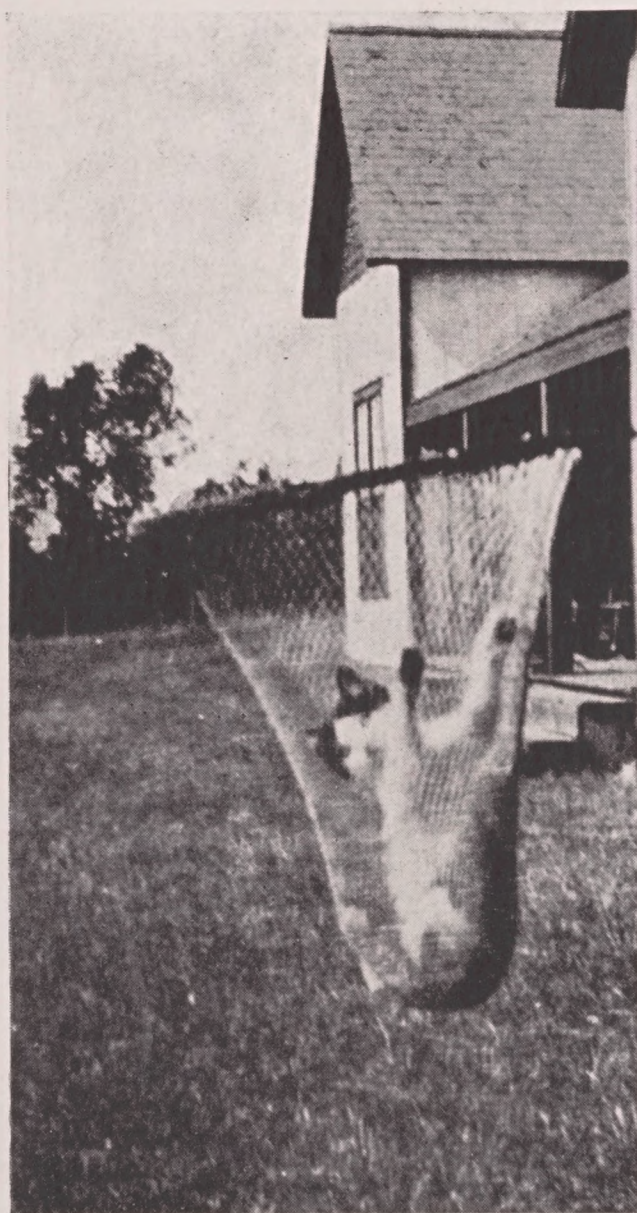
what do you think he said? "Well! Mr. Sinbad, you need not be so critical; look at your own nose, and you have not even *one* whisker to show that you are a man; don't laugh at me, you are a sight!" I could not believe him until our dear lady exclaimed when she took us out of the box at Hotel Manistee, and showed me myself in the mirror. She soon washed our faces and smoothed our ruffled brows, but she said she could not restore our whiskers or eyebrows, that there was only one great doctor who could do that, and she was Doctor Nature, so we had to depend on her goodness to restore our loss. I did not mind it so much, for I could not see myself, so I thought I looked all right; but I was really ashamed of my partner, and more so when people would say, "You poor kitty, did that little black rascal scratch your nose?" We occupied a fine suite at the Hotel Manistee (just for Kidd and me) for an hour, so that we could exercise before we left for Chicago, and what do you think the grasping inn-keeper charged the lady? Just fifty cents for the hour. The story of the rest of our trip home on the Illinois was told you in the first chapter. Now, don't you think it was wise in Mr. Curious Reporter to go home?, for he certainly would have lost his job on this "write-up," and we had a better time without him, didn't we? Good by! I'm Sinbad the Sailor!



## CHAPTER IV

RELATED BY CAPTAIN KIDD JR.

Sinbad the Sailor was born at Fountain Point, Michigan, in May, 1905, so history states, but I could not find out who



SINBAD THE SAILOR

his parents were, and Sinbad soon forgot. He was born near the hotel, and spent most of his babyhood under and around the large veranda. His mother, so I was told, took her two sons each day to the hotel for meals. They looked very much alike, with the exception of a wide white collar all the way around the neck of Sinbad's brother. The twins enjoyed much freedom around the place; and, as Sinbad was always curious, he would go into the kitchen and ask for milk. He soon became liked, and would sleep on the back steps in the daytime. The mother of the twins was owned by a little boy named Alfred (who was kind to animals, and who had rescued a little kitten that was starving in the woods, and this kitten we will tell you about later). So the lady asked the little boy if he would



give her a kitten. She took both over to her cottage, and as it was very hard for her to decide, she now wishes she had taken both. Sinbad, who was nameless then, seemed to take possession of everything and made himself at home, showing his intention to stay. The other brother was glad to get back under the porch. Sinbad was delighted with the cushions, the chairs, the couch, and especially the soft beds. He had come to stay, and he never was homesick once, although until I came he had had to sleep alone. He would awaken the family by playing with a spool that they had tied on a string and hung on the door-knob; and even in the night, when the moon was shining into the room, and he thought it was day, he would play with the spool and would have great fun. Our cottage was called "Mount Auburn" by some Cincinnati people who had lived in a suburb by that name. Sinbad had cost just twenty-five cents, for that is what the lady gave the little boy, who did not want to take any money. Sinbad often alludes to that when we have a tiff, that he cost more than I did, for I was just picked up, no one owned me. Then when he wants to make up and he feels sorry for me he says, "Never mind, brother, I love you even if you did *not* cost twenty-five cents"; how consoling that is, but the dear little chap means it all right, so I let him make up. When Sinbad first went to live at Mount Auburn he was a little wild when he went outdoors, so the lady made him a red-ribbon harness, and tied a string to it and tied him to a tree. In this way he could get the fresh air and play, without forgetting his promise to stay right there. How funny he did look, this kitten the size of a bar of laundry-soap tied to a thick rope, and then to a big oak tree. One day, when the little birds or the fairies told him about his power, he walked right out of his harness, and by his conduct proved to his family that he knew enough to stay around a good home, so he was not tied again. It is really demoralizing to keep a child or a



dog or a cat tied up, or to whip it. Teach your pets to stay around you by being kind and loving to them, and you will find they will not seek other homes, or need to be tied up.

My! the day they brought me home and ushered me into Sinbad's domains, can I ever forget it? I had never seen the inside of a house. When I got out of a basket and saw before me in the middle of the floor a black object with a mountain of a back, and a tail as large as a floor-brush, and a tiny voice that sounded to me as the roar of a lion would to you, say "Sp - - - t!" I was sorry I had been taken away from my Bohemian life. I did not say much to the angry kitten, but I showed him how I looked when puffed up. We stood looking at one another for some time, and then we moved nearer to each other; and I declare, if the saucy little fellow did not slap me in the face; after that, we both ran under chairs and peeped out at each other; was not that silly? When feeding time came, we became a little better acquainted, for you know the way to reach a man's heart is by good feeding; so we both were interested in this part of the show. After tea, Sinbad stayed under the stove and watched me, but I was braver, for I stayed under the couch. My curiosity got the better of me after a little, so I examined all the furniture. I could see that the prior boss looked upon me as a usurper, and that he felt that a little of his nose was already out of joint. I knew that I was pleasing to look upon, for all the ladies said so, and they know.

I also had had a chance to see myself in a looking-glass a few minutes before, and I was pleased to see that I was a blond and that I had yellow hair (genuine yellow too), and that I had two large, very large, yellow eyes that a very poetical lady said looked like "brilliant topaz gems." She said my ears were "beautiful, pink sea-shells," and a darling of a nose that was like the "blushing rose." Were I a poet I should set these charming, flattering words into a poem.



Maybe Sinbad can; I'll ask him. But, boys and girls, I have ten yellow gold rings around my tail, and it is so long it sweeps the ground when I let it rest there. But above all, boys, I have real long whiskers; don't you envy me? I put my paws up two times the first time I saw them, to feel whether they were real. Do you know why animals have whiskers? Well, it is to protect them, for when they run against anything, the whiskers tell them to take care, and the whiskers feel the first obstruction in the way. Some say that cats see in the dark, then they would not need the feelers so much; but the ladies say they are on a cat in order to give them the finishing touch of beauty; when painted on canvas they add greatly to a cat picture. Sinbad is so smart that he sees everything going on, and he is the principal one about the place. One day it was raining, and he had gone visiting before the rain; so when he wanted to come home, he was afraid to go out and get his coat wet; he watched under some steps until he saw a lady come along with her umbrella up, and what do you think? he ran to her side and walked with her until he got to our steps, and then he ran up, and we opened the door. His feet were wet, but his coat and bloomers were nice and dry. It took nerve and brains to do that, which I lack. Isn't it funny to think that the rain comes from above? We watched the first rain, and as it pattered on our window we tried to catch the pretty little sparkling diamonds. When we were at this place Sinbad had a startling experience.

The same "bachelor" of whom we have spoken (the one who should buy him a wife) saw Sinbad in the hammock; so he took hold of the rope and swung him like fury and tossed him up in the air three times. Dear Sinbad landed on his feet each time in the hammock, showing that he was an athlete and "game," as well as no coward. He was then told that he had been through Harvard. Ask your big brother what that means. My! I was alarmed for his safety, but



what could a poor, helpless kitten like me do, even when he saw his little brother in such a perilous position? Now, if that had been a cat instead of a big, strong, wicked bachelor I should have whipped him. All I hope is, that we shall never belong to a family of "bachelors," who should be *married* bachelors.

I suppose my little brother will be telling some stories about me; so if he does, please believe what you wish about me, for he is a darling, and I am glad that I am his brother.

CAPTAIN KIDD, JR.



CHAMPION ROMALDKIRK ADMIRAL



## CHAPTER V

### RELATED BY SINBAD THE SAILOR

My big brother, who possesses the large and distinguished name of Captain Kidd, was only a little barn kitten; he was like "Topsy" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who said, "I never was born, I grewed!" so Kidd just "growed."

Well, my foster brother could not remember anything about his parents, for when he was large enough to walk, he ran away, and was from that time a "tramp cat," as those are called who roam about without established homes. Now, don't be a "tramp cat" or a "tramp child," for it is even worse to be a "tramp boy" or girl, for children can understand, and cats and dogs cannot, and all "tramp cats" do not fare so well as did Captain Kidd. His Genealogical Live-Oak Tree could not be found when the historian was tracing his family pedigree. I want to tell you, on the quiet, that he is a remarkably beautiful cat, with fur as soft as silk, and very long fur too, so we feel sure he is of no ordinary nationality. Our Missy told Kidd herself one day "that when any one laughed at him and said that he had no pedigree, to speak up and reply that he was an American, for when you do not know who you are, just say you are an American, that being an American would cover a multitude of sins, for to be a true American, living under the flag of all flags, our glorious Star Spangled Banner, is the most glorious distinction of which any living thing can boast."

Captain Kidd's first home, after his birthplace, was with "campers." He chose the lower apartment, under the tent floor, but came out to be fed. Some "campers" had a tent



by the river, a very imposing spot, and as my big brother is rather artistic in his tastes, he selected this place as his summer home, where he could listen to the ripples of the laughing water, hear the birds sing, and see the squirrels climb the trees and crack nuts; this was happiness indeed. He soon made friends with the "campers," and forgot his fears. All went well until one day an enormous dog (Kidd said it looked like the pictures of the big grizzly bear) came to the camp, and the first thing that he spied was poor yellow kitty, for Kidd had no name in those wild days; so the ugly grizzly bear just chased poor yellow kitty without any name, way off from his lovely home. When my brother recovered from his dazed condition, he was under a house that he had never seen before, but very thankful that he had not been eaten alive on the strenuous journey. Here was another home to become acquainted with and new people to understand. He received kind treatment here, but as there were several children and many mouths to feed, he did not ask for so much milk as he wanted; still he was thankful for what they gave him. Now, this is how I happened to have a big brother and a yellow one. After the lady (she who we now call our Missy, so, children, please accept this formal introduction to "Our Missy") had bought me for twenty-five cents, she thought that another cat would be a good investment; so she decided to find a companion for me, a yellow and white kitten if possible, to offset my black and white monotony. She asked a number of persons about cats, and she also went to the town near the resort and inquired there. Yes: a little girl had seen a stray yellow and white kitten somewhere, but did not know where it was. Our Missy made three trips to the town, and the third time she saw the yellow and white kitten in a yard, so she asked the family if they would give it to her, and the lady said that she would be glad to give it to a kind person, as she had so many children and other cats to feed



that it would be better off. My Missy wished to remunerate her; but as she seemed to be the one who was obliged, she would not accept anything, so Captain Kidd Jr., was bought for nothing.

Kidd said to me: "Of course I might just as well have been bought for twenty-five cents, or maybe thirty cents, but it was not to be my luck, and I found out then that you, Sinbad, were a better business manager than I was, for you drew more at sight." We shall send the good lady a book when we get these out, and we shall hope that it will please her as much as the yellow kitten has pleased our family.

The question arose at the little town of Provemont, Michigan, where our hero, Captain Kidd Jr., was born, in April, 1905, as to how he should be escorted home to the resort, two miles south. Our Missy had gone up on the boat, but it was not coming back until night, and this was morning. She had intended walking back for exercise, to reduce her "unwanted" flesh, but when my new brother made an extra weight she wondered how she would manage. At last a basket was bought for fifteen cents (the basket cost more than Kidd did), and he was put in and the cover shut down (and, by the way, that was the basket that did not serve, on our notorious trip later), and poor brother Kidd was a prisoner for the first time in his short life. He told me at first that he tried to scratch his way out, but that, in some unaccountable way, he accidentally fell asleep, against his wishes, and not being very strong or old at that time, he was not responsible for this accident. He did not awake until we met in my home, as described in a previous chapter.

He did not remember that he rode home in a hayrick drawn by two good, kind farm horses, and driven by a jolly old farmer, who told our Missy and her escort (the bread-provider of our family) to jump in. This was a swell way to return to a fashionable resort, with a yellow and white kitten who was to become a hero and an author. I shall never for-



get my surprise and disgust when the basket was set down on the floor and I was given the responsible position of lifting up the cover, which I did with my nose. I jumped aside and stood in the middle of the room, when out popped the yellow and white kitten. I see that Captain Kidd has given you a graphic description of our first meeting. I suppose he thought me impolite, but I was doing what any other cat or child would do at the first moment of surprise when a usurper comes into the bosom of the family. I had been the only plaything for a week, so, of course, when this yellow kitten came in and walked up to my milk and helped himself without my permission, and when he had finished, took my ball to play with, then got up on my nice bed and made himself comfortable, it was more than I could stand, so I did slap him in the face, for which I am sorry, now that I am older, and much ashamed. Our Missy says: "It is just so with you, little children; you will regret, in after years, all your mean and unkind acts, and words harshly spoken that come from your dear little lips, which were made to express only sweet, beautiful thoughts, and to utter words to make others happy. Count "ten" before you speak an angry word, then the tenth count will bring a smile, and you will have added another link to the beautiful chain of pure gold which reaches to the peaceful beyond; try to make your chain as long as the peerless rainbow that crowns the sky of blue."

I was more than tickled when night came and I had a bedfellow; for some of the nights were dark in my room, when the big, shiny silver dollar in the sky forgot to come out.

As soon as Captain Kidd got home, he received a name; in fact, I heard our Missy say that she had us both named before we were even discovered, for she had planned to write a story of two kittens, and had got us in order to supply the material for the story. If we can do it satisfactorily,



and please the little people, that is all the reward we desire, for our family loves children and animals better than anything else in this beautiful world.

Do you know that this foster brother of mine is a regular Beau Brummell? He is charming, for his coloring is exquisite, and his fur very soft. I am not joking when I say he is worth twenty-five cents now, and I am very proud of him. His ancestors must have been refined, pedigreed people, after all. Maybe the tree will grow some year soon. What do you think he did the first morning after he made his entrée into polite society? Because his breakfast was not ready for him right on the minute, he walked over to the hotel and marched, two-step style, into the dining-room, with his head up, and his ten-ringed tail up in the air, and said, "Meow, meow," so many times and so fast that he was not understood, and our Missy was obliged to carry him to the cottage; but after that our meals were on time. The family at the resort had a handsome, big, white bulldog; he looked fine to them, but to us he was an unpleasant reality — no dream. He never was allowed out alone, and every one was afraid of him; still, Jimmy was a fine dog, and was beloved by the owners. We never got close enough to examine his points, but our Missy said he was a fine specimen of a dog. We took her word for it, but kept at a good distance. That makes me think of a dear little girl who came and sat on our front porch one evening. She said, "Put the tat in my yap." I was the "tat," so I was put into her "yap," and when I cried because she was loving me so cordially, she said, "The tat stweeked." Do you know what she meant?

S. T. S.



## CHAPTER VI

My! we had such a time at our house the other day! That little brother of mine, Sinbad, found the mucilage-pot; and before we could stop him, he had turned it over, and when he saw the mucilage running away, he tried to stop it with his paw and put it back into the bottle; dreadful to relate, it stuck to him and he to it, and you never saw such a stuck-up cat in your life. He was so provoked because I laughed at him that he tried to wash it off his paws, and then he got it into his eyes and stuck them nearly shut; his mouth and whiskers were united, and he was the funniest paste cat I ever saw; he was ready to be pasted in a scrap-book. He was obliged to be bathed, and he thought his last days had come, for this was his first wash-day. I thought that after this experience he would not be so curious, but he is as curious as a woman, and wants to see how everything is put together. His next busy day was when he found the stove door open. He jumped in, walked around, and when he got through examining the interior of the stove, he came out a wiser, but blacker kitty. He went in a lovely white and black cat, and in a lightning change came out a coal black cat. Of course there was no fire in the stove. Another bath was the end of that day's program. He yow - - - - !

Sinbad is so smart that I cannot see why he gets into so many scrapes. He is twice as quick at perceiving things as I am, and much livelier; so he dances around most of the time, and he sleeps so little that it is no wonder he does not grow faster. I am only a month older than he, but I am twice as large. Some one should explain to him the value of sleep; even at night, when he looks as if he was asleep, he



talks or kicks or snores most of the time; so, lately, I have slept across the room from him. He says that I am the one who snores, but I watched him, and found out that it was he, and I listened to hear whether I snored, but I did not. He is a darling little brother, and we all love him. Do you know that every one can learn something from every one else if one will only think so and will try to see the best in life? I have learned lots from Sinbad, for although I am older, he has such wonderful perceptive powers that slow me, who takes a week to get things through my head, am trying to learn to think faster; but I tell you it keeps me busy to keep pace with my little brother, particularly in mischief-plays. Remember what I tell you, that you can always learn something from your tiniest brother or sister; so do not ever feel superior to those beneath you in years or of lowlier station in life. Do all the good you can and make others happy.

Yours truly,

C. K. JR.



ANGELA



## CHAPTER VII

### KIDD ATTENDS A YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY

Kidd's so "spoony"! I heard that term the other day applied to some young men, so I think it fits our Kidd, for he lets people cuddle him up and caress him and say big sweet words to him. I always squirm and try to get away when people are too familiar. I do not object to having my fur stroked or to lying down in a lap, but no hugging for me. I only submit to the lap-holding so as to play with watch-chains, buttons on coats, and ribbons. The most fun is to pull the buttons off. I wonder which of us kittens you think the more valuable. Kidd says that he is made of gold and diamonds, for gold is yellow and diamonds are white. I say that I am made of coal and flour, because I am black and white, so I think, that I am more useful. We have controversies quite often, but that is the way to become educated, listening to others and noting their ideas and ways. What do you think Captain Kidd Jr. did the other day? We say that he is like his illustrious ancestor, Captain Kidd the pirate and explorer. Well, the Junior went up into our attic, got out of a window, and walked along the high narrow ledge of the windows until he got over to the next house, when he went through their open window. When he found he was in a strange house, he was a trifle nervous, but he ventured to explore a little, downstairs, and there found a lady sewing, whom he recognized as our good neighbor who loves animals as much as we do. She petted him and brought the wanderer home; she said he was a *quiet* burglar.

Kidd is so clumsy! would you think so from his pretty



pictures? When he jumps up after a ball he comes down like a loaf of Bridget's bread, but he cannot help this misfortune in his make-up.

Oh, boys! Did you ever walk on painted steps in your bare feet? Well, we did, and you don't know what we got for doing it? Yes, you are laughing, so you do know; who told you?

You see, Kidd and I were around on the front lawn, we had noticed boxes and sticks in the front of our porch, so of course we had to see what was behind the boxes. We very naturally did just what you boys would have done — hopped over the boxes, and we had walked on just one step with just one foot each, when Kidd said to me, "O Sinny! hurry up, or we shall stick fast!" We both ran up all the steps and over the porch and got up on the front parlor window-sill. Then the sill was painted the shape of our feet, and we knew that "trouble was brewing in some sunny clime." We gazed into each other's eyes, and we both wanted to say "Didn't I tell you!" but we only turned our backs and went to work to wash up. Kidd's feet are larger than mine, so he made the most havoc, but there were enough of mine to show that I was an accomplice. The first attempt to clean off the paint was enough to disgust us with it forever; the taste, and the odor were so — I can not think of a word bad enough; that we waited until our Missy came out and wiped the horrid stuff off our feet; but for a day we could not enjoy eating or even the company of each other, for the horrid odor went everywhere we went and was doubly odorous when we came together. I thought Kidd had it and he thought my fur was still painted, so we had a terrible time until the odor evaporated. We are judges of good paint now, and we know that if it had been "pure paint," it never would have come off right after being painted. You see, our owner used the paint he manufactures, so don't tell; this is a little joke on him, Missy says.



My big brother Kidd took the liberty of attending the "Kenwood Institute" when we first moved to Chicago. We missed him every morning and he would not return until noon. At last, we watched him, and found that he sat on the steps until nine o'clock when the doors were opened. He then walked in, up the aisle to the teacher's desk, and either sat by her side or under her chair, if the recital were monotonous, or on top of her desk if the exercises were at all interesting. He was made welcome and the teacher said that he was so cunning, that they liked to have him come, and that he was evidently seeking a higher education.

Some days he would select a very sweet young lady and sleep in her lap; he certainly did as he pleased, and he really became very polished, spending so much time at a young ladies' seminary. Kidd is a regular "ladies' man." He is very dignified, and he makes you respect him. He would walk down the aisles at the school with the dignity of the Principal himself. Now that the snow is deep between our back yard and the back door of the school, he does not attend; then again, he said that the doors were not opened in winter, so he has been obliged to remain at home. I tease him and tell him that he was expelled for his devotion to the young ladies. I felt a little hurt when he said to me last fall, "Come on, Sinny, and I will take you into the Kindergarten; you certainly need the training." Well, I was so indignant, for I was only a month younger, and he was way up in the graduating class. I never went, but do you know, when the Kindergarten was held out on the lawn on nice days, I caught my big brother playing with the children and making himself the center of attraction. My! he likes a fuss made over him! But, all joking aside, I really think Kidd wanted to study arithmetic, so as to know about weight and measure, and be able to judge whether he received the



proper weight of meat and measure of milk each day. But if Kidd knows more than I do about arithmetic, I can beat him on geography. He made me laugh when he said so innocently, "Sinny dear, are we still in Michigan?" I said, "No, you foolish boy, we are in Chicago." "Well!" said my big brother, "is not Chicago in Michigan?" "No, no!" said I, "Chicago is not in any place; Chicago is the whole big world." "Oh!" said my brother. Still, Kidd is very clever.

Before I knew who the man was that stayed here nights and Sundays, I thought him very impudent. One evening I got up on the library desk where the big lamp was, as I wanted to examine the bright light, and what do you suppose he did? With his large four-fingered and one-thumbed hand, he slapped me and made me fall off on the floor. I just stood and looked at him, and I said to myself (not loud enough for him to hear), "What right have you to touch ME in my own house? Who are you, you great big Sunday-man?" But I held my tongue. I found out later that he was the money-maker of our family, and that he did not have *many* rights about the house, but *I* happened to be one of his permits.

We two like him very much now, for we understand one another, and he sees we are really necessary to his comfort. I think I won his love by trying to return his watch-chain which I had been playing with on the floor. I took it in my mouth and jumped up on his knee with it; of course, the family thought that wonderful. Our owner told me that I had a black mother. Then, my Missy said, "That is why you have a kind heart, Sinbad dear, you were brought up to the age of three months by your black mother, and I can tell you here that there is no care for a child so perfect and so earnest as the care which a good, faithful old 'black mammy' gives to her 'Lit'l white-chile.'"

S. T. S.



## CHAPTER VIII

My little brother Sinny (that is his endearing name) went over to the neighbor's one day and walked into the pantry and turned over a pan of flour, right on the floor. He liked that so much that he got up on the pantry shelf and made himself at home by turning over the salt, spilling that all over the floor. That is bad luck, you know. So the maid picked him up, and with a little reminder not to repeat this again, she sent him home. I told him I had heard that, when you spill the salt, you will cry before night. He never blushed when the maid gave him the little reminder, and walked home as unconcerned as though he had performed an everyday duty. Sinny does not see things in the same light that others do; he says, after a thing is done, what is the use worrying about it? — try something else. If every one was as happy as dear little brother is, this would be a joyful world. He knows he owns everything about our block. This morning he heard some little sparrows (we even feed and love the despised sparrows, for the same good Creator who made you, made them) on the porch, quarreling, so he jumped on the window-sill, and cried to them to come down; he trembled all over with excitement, and when they flew away he turned around and looked at us in an abused way, as much as to say, "What made them go away when I wanted to catch them?" I tried to catch a bird one day, before I learned that it was wicked to kill anything, but the bird flew away up in the air, and I really felt chagrined at my ignorance of bird-life. Some smart person told me to put a little salt on a bird's tail, then I could catch him. But if it is wicked, I do not want to catch the happy little birds.



Do you know "Red Dick," the Red Persian? He is the immense (I guess biggest is the most appropriate word for him) cat of the neighborhood, and my! but he is puffed up about it! He has a pedigree, so *his* relatives are aristocrats. He is an "orange Angora,"—*you* know what that is,—in my style it is called yellow, you know, just a "yellow cat," as we unfortunate animals are called when our ancestors forget to write up a long paper with all the "blue-blood" recorded of the aristocracy of the family.

But I heard that it was not very hard to buy a pedigree, so it may be that when this book makes me rich I can buy one. Then I shall be registered as an "orange and white" Maltese with large "amber colored eyes," and I shall have a number and some kind of a ribbon; I hope it will be blue, for blue looks the best with my complexion, and I suppose the judges always think of that when they give the prize-ribbons. I am full of the talk of the "Cat show" just now, but I will tell you about that later, as dear friend Dick was just in this room as we were writing this story, and as he walked out with his feather-duster-tail up in the air, he looked back and said, "Honorable Captain Kidd Jr. of the Steamship Illinois, will you please write something about me that will be very gratifying to my relatives? You know I have a pedigree." See how nice he is when he wants something from the "yellow, unpedigreed cat"? When I am over in his yard, he is not so courteous; he usually runs after me. What I cannot understand is that his hair stands out all the time, while mine does so only when I am angry or frightened. He



RED DICK



put on a good many airs with us until Sinbad gave him to understand that *he* did not own all of *us*. The first time he came up to me I was so bewildered that I laid down on my back and yelled as loudly as I could for someone to come. All the time Dick stood and looked at me but never touched me, only the thoughts of that frizzly four-legged *something* gazing at one was enough to make any one yell; then you remember my experience while camping in the north. I thought that this was that big bear's little boy-cub, for he was just as woolly. But here the real nerve and generalship of my little brother came to light. Sinbad was playing in our yard when he heard me cry. At once he knew his big brother's voice, so he ran to me and discovered the frizzly neighbor standing over me, either admiring my voice or waiting to whip me. When our neighbor saw Sinny (who was about the size of frizzly neighbor's head) he turned his aristocratic face to our unpedigreed Sinbad, and our brave little sailor raised his tiny right paw and landed a pugilistic blow upon our "orange" neighbor's left cheek. Well, I expected a terrible fight here, but no; our surprised frizzly neighbor walked right home in a hurry, and we know that he told his mother. I was saved.

About a week after that encounter in the back yard, we had one almost as thrilling in the front yard. Sinbad the Sailor took it into his wise head to investigate his frizzly neighbor's porch and house, so he walked on the outside railing from our house, and soon was on our "orange" neighbor's front porch railing, on the outside. Presently he felt a push, and looking around saw his frizzly neighbor trying to push him off the railing; he tried three times. I heard my little brother give three screams, and by the time I got to him, the "orange" neighbor's mama had come out and corrected him for being so impolite to a guest. But now Sinbad and Dicky (for they are



friends now) enjoy each other's company, and Dicky's mistress told our Missy that our little Sinny was the first friend Dicky ever had, for all cats are afraid of him on account of his great size, and that he does not want to fight; he only wants to play. He is certainly a beautiful cat and we all love him now. Our Missy takes him up and hugs him and calls him sweet names. I am *beginning* to know him better, but even now, when he comes upon me unexpectedly, a horrid chill creeps down my back and travels to my feet, and my legs seem to want to stop working. Look at his picture; is he not a beautiful specimen of an aristocratic cat? The picture of his famous father, Royal Norton, shows the highest type of a pedigree cat.

Would you not imagine that Sinbad, after so many mistakes, would be more careful? But he is not. Last night he was asleep in the big leather rocking-chair (a place he was forbidden to be in) when our Missy's mama sat right down on him, and she weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. Just to think of my little brother thus lost from view; but as he had the fortunate accomplishment, handed down to him by his ancestors, of voicing his sentiments, he emphatically objected to this treatment and with a dissatisfied yell, he became released, and both the participants in this thrilling scene jumped to their feet and spent the next few seconds in caressing and apologizing. He was not injured, but to hear the family all talking at once, "outsiders" would have thought that we were holding a women's convention.

In less than an hour Sinbad had forgotten about this "hair-breadth" escape and had another. The shades in our house have white cords with the cutest little teasing balls on the ends. They were white before we became acquainted with them; however, they must have been made for kittens to play with, for Sinny said so, and he knows 'bout all things. My little brother took one of



these little teasing balls in his mouth, and ran way out into the room; say, boys, but he was enjoying himself, when up went the shade and Sinny with it, only a few inches from the floor, to be sure, for he had presence of mind enough to let go; but the curtain! well, it went up so far that we had to have a man get up on a high pair of stairs and bring it back again. Sinny never saw it come back, for he had run the other way and was under the kitchen table, waiting for his lesson in deportment to be brought to him, when the shade was placed in position again. The little white ball was found under the couch across the room, and we both wished that it might be permitted to remain on the floor, but it was not. Sinny does things on the "spur of the moment" but I wait and profit by his experiences.

We had company the other evening, and Sinbad thought that they had come to see him, so he "kept the floor" for a long time. The first thing that he did was to get into the jardiniere and stand up in it, looking all around the room in a most ludicrous manner. One of the callers, whom we know by the name of Hazel, put Sinbad under the jardiniere, and I thought that I had lost my little brother, for I could not see nor hear him. I ran around the bowl until I was dizzy, then I turned and went the other way, but that did not unwind me, for I was still dizzy; all the time I was trying with my paws to push the jardiniere over and set little Sinny free. I was not strong enough to help rescue him, so after the guests had had plenty of fun at poor Sinbad's expense, Hazel dear, our "guest of honor" raised the jardiniere, and there was darling Sinny "safe and sound," but a little pale in the face. I was greatly relieved. At the sight of the guests he had the fever that most children have when company calls on the family, which is diagnosed as the "showing off" or "acting smart" fever; did any of you little children ever have it? Well, my little brother often has an



attack; this time he walked over the key-board of the piano; then he jumped on the backs of our best chairs, turning somersaults in the middle of the floor, causing so much amusement that, at this point of the entertainment, he was sent up stairs to bed, and of course that meant me too, as we are supposed to do everything together. We really are two distinct kittens, but we figure out as one. It is horrible to be one-half of two kittens, especially as the two halves in our case do not always agree.

The next evening at dinner time, Sinbad became impatient for his dinner, so he marched himself off to the kitchen and stood around in the way. He was politely asked to depart, but you have to take Sinny bodily when you want him to go out; that is, if he wants to stay in, and he never takes a hint; so he stayed until our Mama stepped on his left toe of his left foot on his left leg of his left side. Our Mama was the especial cook that night. My! how my little brother did yell! he was quite lame for four days and very lame at meal times and would stand and hold his little foot up, or sit under the kitchen table where feet could not reach him, and whenever he saw our Mama coming, he would hurry out of the way. He did not get over the fright for some days, and when he did get well, either from habit or because he thought he could get sympathy, he would hold that little foot up, and we all felt so sorry that we let him have his own way about anything he wanted. We are all very much spoiled in our household. Another day we missed him and found him on the sideboard playing with the knife rests. One of the rests was on the floor but it was not broken, as it was made of hard cut glass. After he was taken down from that place, he immediately bounced into the open drawer upon the clean company table-linen. That same evening, when I was sitting quietly in Missy's lap, our attention was called to Sinbad, and there at the fire-place crawling up the chimney, was the little mischief, only his tail hanging out by which to



catch him. He had been hearing about Santa Claus. He had to be bathed again, for he was a "total eclipse." When it became cold enough for a fire in the grate, we both sat before the fire listening to the spitting of a cat, as we supposed the noise to be. It went just like sp-p-p-p-p-t, but Sinny could not stand it so long as I could; he went up to the iron bars and touched them with his nose; he jumped away in a hurry, and, poor lad, he had to have his nose bathed this time in vaseline. I think it smarted for a little while, and now he walks away around the room when he passes that grate. Our Missy was making some new silk curtains for our parlor windows, when Sinbad rushed in and walked over them with his wet feet; it was raining and he did not stop to wipe his feet. This is one of the things he is not particular about, and I fear some little boys and girls, too, have the same bad habit. After a few minutes the spots dried out and we were all happy once more. The worst thing that my little brother has ever gotten into, so far, was the ink. He got up on the desk and was merely playing with the stopper of the ink bottle when over it went. As the ink was running away he tried to stop it in a most natural way, by using his paws, which became black, and he was so alarmed for fear that he was turning to a black kitten that he started to wash it off. You can imagine how his face looked. This time it would not come off with water, so nothing but Doctor Time could get the black off, and it was several days before his black nose and tongue were restored to their lovely pink color. In the meantime he was not overburdened with good looks, and it was funny to see how affectionate he became, and how he would wash me with his black tongue, which made me squirm, so I tried to keep at a distance. You cannot put a thing down — a bundle, a book, a box, or even a bouquet of flowers — or change a piece of furniture, but our Sinny has to elect himself a private inspector to examine every article.



Our Missy is not a good cook, but she does make good cake once in a while; so on this particular good-cake day she made a beautiful cocoanut cake and placed it upon the window-sill to cool. My little brother watched her making it, sitting on the floor and looking up with great interest while she sprinkled the fluffy cocoanut on the cake. After our Missy had left the pantry, he jumped on the sill and walked between the screen of the window and the cake, squeezing himself into a mere shadow. Before he had a chance to taste how good it was, our Missy came in, just as the reporters do "right on the spot," and he was sent to the floor with a little reminder. The side of the cake that Sinny walked by, was cut off so that the company never knew about it, and it tasted even better, for it was a celebrated cake then, and would have its name in a book. But Sinny, he had cocoanut icing all over his right side, which had to have a bath, and his eyebrows, eyelashes, and whiskers were a sight. He washed them himself, as he rather enjoyed the sweet taste of the cocoanut. This morning Sinbad was on the desk and took hold of the penholder and made a big blot on the paper that our Missy was writing on; he was helping her along, so he thought. That was not much fun, so he went away, and we tried to find him, for when Sinny disappears from our sight, we know that he is in mischief. After searching the house for about ten minutes, the paper-hanger found him on the tip-top step of his ladder; it being so high, we had passed it without looking up, and there the little rascal was peeping over the side giggling, and enjoying our cat-hunt.

A lady friend called upon us yesterday, and when we were presented to her, she exclaimed, "Why, they are only common cats!" Our Missy explained how she had found us, and said that she brought us home for an object lesson, to prove that uneducated and unpedigreed animals can be made faithful and beautiful pets, and she says that the develop-



ment is more interesting in the case of a little stray animal, or a little homeless child or street urchin. I often think that, if our Missy owned a tiny world of her own, it would consist of homeless children and homeless animals. She says that she is proud of us, and that she knows that a good home, kind treatment, and gentle words, will make the homeliest child or animal lovely to behold. Bless the public homes for the friendless children and animals! Our wish is that many more kind, public-spirited people of means will endow homes for the homeless, especially for the animals, as they are not so well protected. It is noble to endow libraries and schools and churches, but it is nobler to provide homes for children and animals, for these are the workmanship of our Creator who made beast as well as man — the poor as well as the rich. We ask here that more homes for homeless animals be endowed in our large cities where there is so much suffering, and the good friends of the animals who contribute to their comforts, will certainly be blest and respected.

Did you children see “Beautiful Jim Key” the celebrated, educated horse? He gives exhibitions of his wonderful training in arithmetic, spelling, and reading, and the greater part of the money received from this noble horse’s exhibitions, goes to the humane cause, and supports the well-known “Jim Key Band of Mercy,” of which thousands of little children are members.

If you wish to help the cause in Chicago, any of you little people can do good by sending five, ten, or twenty-five cents to the Anti-Cruelty Society, 459 Division St., or the South Side home, Indiana Avenue and 23d St., and send it in the name of the “Master St. Elmo Animal Fund.” This society looks after all cases of cruelty to horses, and all other animals as well, and finds homes for those who have none, and until these homes are provided the animals are cared for in a building, fed, and doctored if necessary. Many



noble women give much time to the humane work of feeding and caring for the dumb animals that our good Father saw fit to place upon His beautiful earth; may we never be guilty of abusing one of these. Remember again the motto of the noble dog "St. Elmo."



HOW DO YOU DO, LITTLE PEOPLE? I AM ST. ELMO

#### MOTTO

"By being kind to all animals, and by protecting horses and dogs, you are befriending man's best and most faithful friend."—ST. ELMO.



## CHAPTER IX

You know my big brother Kidd; well, he is very much of an explorer. so he went all around the road back of our place one day, and was gone so long that we feared that he had been shut up again. When he came home, he was very dusty and thirsty, but he never told even me where he had been; his silence made us suspect that he had been into mischief. Captain Kidd Jr. was a brave sailor, we thought, but to see how afraid he is of water makes us doubt his statements. He likes to sit on the washstand and play with the water as it runs out of the faucet; he tries to catch the drops with his paws, which he gets wet; and when he does he sits up as straight and stiff as a soldier and washes them, looking at me all the time, cross-eyed with a twinkle that is never mistaken for a "I'm-not-afraid-of-water" expression, but you should hear him yell when he gets a bath. I did meet with a disagreeable mishap one morning while our Master was shaving. We had the hot water turned on, and we took turns playing with it; our Master would hold his razor (he told me the name, so I know) under the water, and the white foamy bubbles would wash off and drop into the basin; then it was my turn and I would try to catch them and put my paw under the water; so we had lots of fun — first, our Master's turn, then mine. After we had played until the gong sounded for breakfast, we went away from the bath-room. You cannot guess what we did, can you? Well, I am sure it was not my fault, but at any rate, while we were enjoying our breakfast in the dining-room, water came dropping down upon us, and we looked up and saw the nice, yellow ceiling all spotted a dark yellow. Up ran our Missy and found the floor of the bath-room flooded. We had forgotten



to shut off the funny water, and the mean old thing went and told on us. It really was not my fault and our Missy knew it, so the other fellow "caught it," and it wasn't brother Kidd, either, you know. The dainty, yellow ceiling never got over its bath, for it remains sulky looking still.

Say, boys, have you any remedy in your family for "high steppers"? That seems the complaint in our family. You remember I got my left foot stepped on, as Captain Kidd told you; but great was the surprise when the proud Captain had to walk on three feet because the second in size in our family planted a large shoe on his left paw, and the strange part is that they seem to have a grudge against the left foot of the left leg of the left side of each of us. We certainly need a permanent remedy. I really had to laugh, although it was not polite; but you know the Captain is always telling people that I am so anxious to eat that I am constantly hanging around the kitchen; I wonder where he was when he got stepped on; certainly, he was not sitting on the best chair in the parlor, as usual. Captain Kidd is getting to be quite a pugilist; I think he is practising to box with Dicky. Every night at bedtime, he gallantly steps upon the bed and awaits our Master's chance to "knock the chip off his shoulder." It is real fun to see them romp, and the Captain is so very careful not to scratch or bite our Master. Romping and boxing would not be so bad if done in play, but our Missy thinks that prize-fighting, bull-fighting, cock-fighting, bull-dog-fighting, and all fights where those engaged are not in fun, are wicked and degrading, and should not be allowed in our free and beautiful United States; and further, she wishes that she had the power to stop it in all countries, especially the bull-fighting and the contests where animals are forced to fight. She says that it is brutal and that the authorities should try to stop it, making themselves Christians in a humane cause. Of course, our country does not permit bull-fight-



ing, but our Missy thinks that maybe our country could influence the countries where it is considered great sport, and show them that it is cruel to torture horses — dear, old, faithful, blinded, horses that have spent years in faithful service, to be turned into a ring for the poor, tormented bull to gore to death! Our Missy thinks that such cruelty as this will find punishment in the hereafter. She also wishes that racehorses, and the dangerous pastime of hurdle-racing could be abolished, for horses are often injured in these races, and some fall and break a leg or shoulder and suffer until they are put out of their misery. Of course, racing has always been, and it will continue to exist until it is put down as one of our country's evils, which all forms of gambling are proved to be. When the world ceases to make dumb animals suffer for its selfish gratification, we shall have better men and women, and better children, for when you find men, women, and children striving to help and protect helpless animals you see examples of true hearts; and honest hearts make loyal citizens; so remember, children, that by caring for the animals that cannot help themselves, you are building a strong foundation for your future place in the world, therefore we must try to do good to all of God's creatures. Our Missy said this, and I think every good girl and boy will agree with her.

My big brother became very important one day, and he said to me, "Brother Sinbad the Sailor, when you introduce me, after this, will you please call me Captain Kidd Jr., especially when our pedigreed friends are around?" I wanted to smile, but I respected his request, and so I try to remember now.

I listened to a very interesting story the other evening about the pets our Missy had when she was a little girl, and some which she owned before we came to make her happy. I shall narrate what she said as accurately as possible.

Missy said: "I was a little girl in the Centennial year —



that was in 1876 (look up and read all about the Centennial, what it means, and where it was celebrated, in Philadelphia, Pa.), and a little kitten was given to me in that year, so I named him 'Centennial,' for he was black, white, and yellow. I had always been fond of our beautiful flag, and as I decided that the kitten was representing the red, white, and blue of our dear flag, it seemed appropriate to name him, in that year, something which would remind me of my beloved flag; so I named him 'Centennial' and nick-named him 'Cen.' Well, little Cen was one of the smartest and dearest pussies I ever owned, and I would dress him up in my doll's clothes, with a white bonnet on his pretty head, and ride him in my doll-carriage on the sidewalk. He sat up like a baby and never wanted to get out. He slept in the cradle, and when he closed his little eyes to take his last long sleep he was in the little doll-cradle; so in my early childhood, I proved my loyalty to our beautiful flag, and I hope the little readers love this flag as much as I do.

"My love for animals was fostered by my dear Mama who was always kind and willing to help those in trouble, so I was born with the impulse to help dumb creatures. This is only one example of my Mama's kindness. We were crossing a bridge one lovely day, just after a severe storm, that had washed everything away in a flood. I was only four years of age; and as we were walking, we heard a plaintive cry, and down under the bridge, clinging to the wooden piles, was a little white kitten. My Mama called some men, and they went down and reached the little creature and took it home for us, and Mama rewarded them. After the dear little frightened puss had been dried and fed, it became tame and was a lovely kitten. He seemed to appreciate the fact that we had saved him from drowning; it cost us very little time and trouble, but we saved a life, even though a helpless kitten's.

"I could fill a book with many other narratives of my pets,



but I shall not take up the time of the authors who are waiting to tell their stories, but I must tell you about Flossie and her son Touser. They were white Maltese cats. Flossie was born on the South Side in Chicago, and we brought her home one night in a carriage. She was very tiny, but she kept her head out of the window, watching the bright lights throughout the ride. She was so white that when she posed in her favorite position and place, which was upon the marble mantle on a red-plush album, she looked like a piece of statuary, and received many compliments. One of her delights was to get up on a piece of high furniture and lean down and pull off the dusting-cap of the maid. When I asked her to say her prayers, she would sit down and place her front paws on the hassock or small chair, drop her head upon her paws, and remain until I said come.

"Touser, who was her first son, and who grew to be twice her size, was a splendid specimen of a well-developed cat. His principal trick was talking, as we figured out. He would emphasize, reflect, and modulate his voice so that we could guess just what he wanted. When he was in a hurry for his meals, he would mew, mew, mew, mew with emphasis, meaning I'm so hungry; then, if we did not wait upon him, he would say mew-mew-mew very rapidly, meaning hurry up. When he wanted to get outdoors, he would stand up and rattle the knob, also when he wanted to get in. But the smartest thing that Touser did was to watch over his little half-brothers. They were kept downstairs in a basket, as they were not able to do much walking, so Touser thought that they should be up in the library with all the other cats; so he would go down and carry his three little brothers upstairs. He would bring one, holding him by the nape of the neck in his mouth, and deposit him in a safe place under the bookcase or couch, then he would go after another. When he had the three little white baby kittens carefully housed out of sight, he would



stretch himself, full length, in front of them, trying to hide them from the naughty people who would carry them back to their basket. Was that not reasoning? Could you have hidden your dolly or your playthings away any better? After the pussies had grown large enough to walk upstairs and get under things, poor Touser had such a hard time trying to pull them out, for they would crawl into small places where he could only reach his big paw under, so he would cry and worry until they came out. He took all the care of them, and slept in their basket, the mama Flossie, big brother Touser, and the three baby-kitties all together.

“One day Touser found a fox-terrier in his yard, so he ran after him and rolled him over and over, the dog yelling all the time, and when the neighbor-dog returned home he had a long deep scratch on the upper side of his short tail; he never bothered the little kittens again. Another day we heard a quarrel, and looking out saw the dignified Flossie riding down the sidewalk on the back of a water-spaniel, the dog howling. It was real funny to see how these two cats could manage dogs.

“I will tell you about a little bird I had, to show you that every animal can be taught something and can be made lovable. This little canary was thirteen years old when he died, and he went to sleep in my hand, looking up in my face as though he knew me to the last. I would let him out in my room, making sure no cats were about, and he would take hold of my pen and drag the penholder all around my desk, then he would fly to our Mama and pull the thread out of her needle and fly away with it. He would kiss us, and get on our heads, and try to pull the hairpins out; his name was ‘Cutty’ — even a tiny bird can amuse one and be a companion, sometimes a more agreeable one than a human being. When he sang, it sounded like two birds singing; it was said that he had a double-



voice, but we did not understand the peculiar power of his voice.

“Another fine cat I had was ‘Colonel,’ and he was left in a house for several days. The people moved out and locked him in, without intending to do so, or he got in and was afraid to go out again, we never knew which; however, when my mother found him, he was nearly starved, and it was five days before she could get into the house to get him out. There was a small window where she placed his food and water every day; and, after she found the agent and had got the keys, she took him home — a thin, starved animal; but in a short time he grew to be as handsome a black and white cat as ever grew. We often see a poor forlorn horse, dog, or cat, and think it is not worth caring for, but let me tell you that these creatures do turn out to be faithful pets, and that they appreciate a good home more than the cat that has been accustomed to one. I speak from experience. There is so much room in this glorious world, and so many good-hearted people, that it seems that there should be no suffering in the animal kingdom. I shall turn the rest of the chapter over to dear Sinbad.”

Say, boys! do you think it very bad to pull the pretty pink flowers off your big sister’s company hat? Well, our Missy left her company hat on the bed last night, and, as I had nothing to do, I just got into the crown of the hat and curled up and went to sleep; but you see before I did so, I had a big romp with the hat and the dainty pink roses, some of which, happening to want to play with me, dropped on the floor, and so we had a garden of roses in our bedroom that night. The strange part was that no one saw me play with the roses, for I was sound asleep in the company hat when the family found me, so how could they accuse me? Well! I was accused and lectured, and asked not to do that again. Do you know, the Captain (I mean Mr. Captain Kidd Jr.), laughed when he heard me being lectured, and ran under



the bed and peeped out, wondering whether this time he was to be counted as my other half. He was not, however. My big brother says that if I do not let him talk now, he will have forgotten all that he desires to relate.

Yours truly,  
SINBAD THE SAILOR.



PHYLLIS (MASKED SILVER)



## CHAPTER X

I just feel it in my bones that saucy Sinbad has been “telling tales out of school” about me, so I feel justified in talking about him. I wish that you could all see little Sinbad’s eyes, for they are beautiful — not so large as mine, but different from cat’s eyes. They are light green with a dark blue ring around the iris, which makes his eyes look blue at times, and very brilliant; they look more like human eyes than any cat-eyes I have ever seen, and that is the reason why he sees so quickly. I get very cross with my little brother sometimes, for he is possessed to play with my long tail. I do not like that sport, for it is one-sided. His tail is so short that I cannot catch it, so it is no fun for me. Oftentimes I am sleepy and do not want to play, but that is the very time “Sinny” is anxious to entertain me. How the little scamp likes to ride on the carpet-sweeper! I guess he thinks that is safer than a boat. The first time Sinbad ever saw a carpet or rug, he tried to get all the spots and figures off; he would scratch at the figures and look puzzled at their resistance. Once we missed my small brother and looked for him in the kitchen. There he was, sitting in the oven of the stove; there was no fire in the stove, and the door had been left open by mistake. He was bad this morning; he jumped upon our Missy’s dresser and pulled her watch and chain down on the floor; he got a little reminder for that trick. But our pats are love pats, for our Missy does not believe in whipping either children or animals.

You would have laughed had you seen him one evening. Our Missy had a chestnut suspended by a string and was swinging it so that the shadow was on the wall. “Sinny”



was on the couch watching it. He spent some minutes trying to catch the shadow, and then he sat and studied for a time. As the shadow rested on the wall, he put his foot up, and he noticed that the chestnut was in perfect form on his white paw; that puzzled him, so he looked back of him, and to his dismay he found that he had been making a goose of himself, that the real chestnut was back of him, suspended above his head. That was his first lesson in the real and the unreal. Did you ever try to make a rabbit shadow on the wall with your hands? If not, ask some grown person to show you; this is called a "silhouette." Did you ever see or hear a "Talking Machine"? We have one called the "Victor," and the first thing that "Sinny" did was to get into the big brass horn. At first, we were afraid of the voices in the horn, but now we sit by the hour and listen to Madam Sembrich and many other famous singers. When we are in the yard in the evening, and the family desire our company, they start the talking-machine, and we come right in. Sinbad thinks that when we become famous, we shall be asked to sing into the horn for the benefit of the public. He suggests getting up a cat-orchestra, but I say that, if we do, Royal Dick will want to be the director, and that would spoil the band, for all the cats are afraid of him. It may be that if we suggest the offer of so important a position to him, he will trim his hair; and as this is a bright idea, we will ask Royal Dick whether he will have his hair cut all but that on his head; then he will make a fine musical director. He has the stride without practice.

"Sinbad is a hero!" that is what I heard last night, when our master came home and he was told that my little brother had caught a mouse. I was not a bit jealous, for I think it is wicked to kill anything, but "Sinny" is so young he did not know that it was wrong; he only followed instinct, which tells cats to catch mice and rats.



It happened in this way. Sinbad was asleep in our Mama's room when he made a frantic plunge from off the bed, and in a second he had a poor baby-mouse in his mouth. Our Missy ran to him as fast as she could, but before she could get there, he had swallowed tail and all, and was sitting up "licking his chops." Our Missy felt very sorry, and she explained that he was very naughty to kill a little mouse. Our Missy did not know that we had any mice in our house, but "Sinny" found one. Dear little "Sinny"! he is so young and innocent, we all love him.



AL TAREK



## CHAPTER XI

Did you ever see a seven-toed cat? Well, our Missy visited some last summer and she asked us if she might



VICTORIA

have one of the cat's photographs in our book; so, of course, we said yes, and here it is. This is "Victoria" and he received his name before he had decided whether he



wanted to be called by a girl's or a boy's name. He is very pretty and weighs ten pounds. He has seven distinct toes on his front feet; he had some brothers and sisters who were provided with the same allowance of toes. What a dandy time they must have scratching up the leather furniture! We rather envy them, Kidd and I, for we have only five toes. These uncommon cats live at the "Wood-



"CARO S."

man Farm," near Paw Paw, Michigan, and it was here that our Missy interviewed the intelligent dog "Dick." He is a collie, tan-colored and white — very pretty, and so smart! Dick takes his tin-pan when he wants some food, and holds it between his teeth until some one fills it for him; then he gently drops it on the floor and eats his meal. When he has finished, if he wants more, he runs around the room looking for his mistress, until

he gets all the dinner he requires. He shuts the doors in the house, sits up in the corner, holds a pipe in his mouth and above all, he shows his intelligence by driving the cows home every night. He hunts for them, gets them together, and brings them safely home. He is a kind, noble dog.

Another feature of this farm which won our Missy's heart was the "Pony Farm," where "Jumbo," the famous prize-pony, and many other pedigreed ponies live. One very beautiful pony is "Dolly Varden," named by our Missy, and this beautiful little horse is white and tan-colored. Another "little darling," as our Missy says,

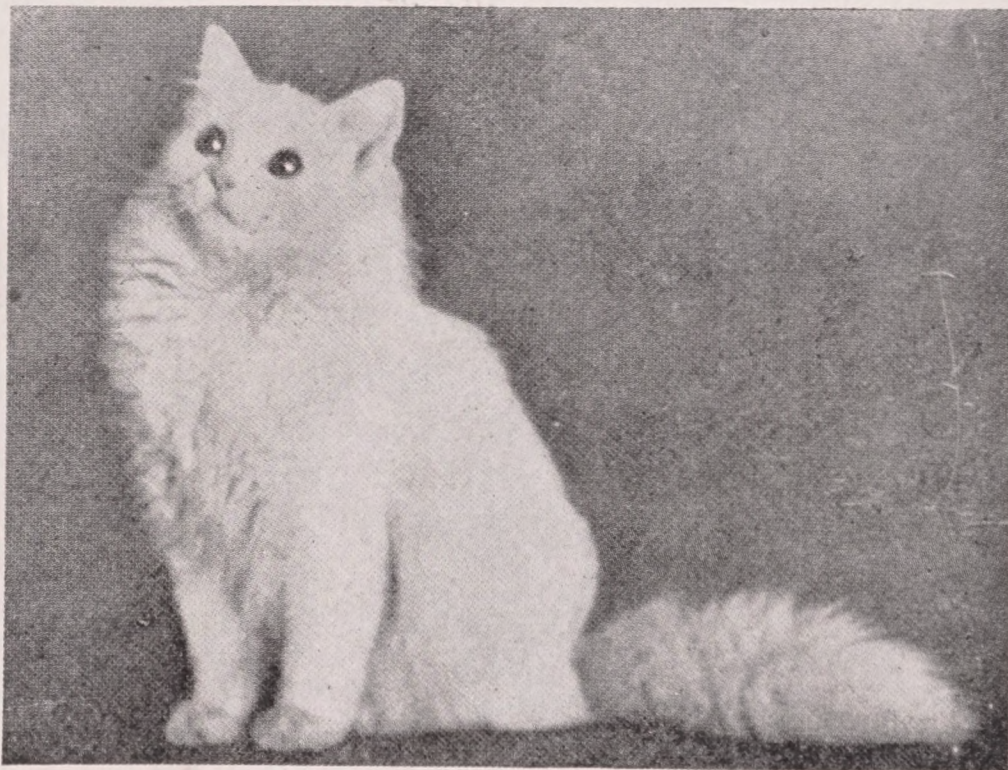


is the tiny pony which the owner named after her — “Caro S.” It is spotless white, with a black tail and head. This little pony is a beauty, and the owner calls her his “prize-pony.” A very sad thing happened up in the country last summer. A mother horse was accidentally shot while pasturing in her own woods. Some parties were shooting birds, and the shot wounded her; we did not hear whether she recovered, but we shall hope that she did. While she was being attended the little colt had to be taken away from her care and brought up on the bottle, but it was doing well when we left the farm. What a wicked thing it was to hurt that poor mother, and how she must have missed her little colt! It is so dangerous to shoot in the woods, and our Missy thinks it is wicked to kill birds, bears, squirrels, or any other animal, unless one is protecting one’s own life or the life of another; how can hunters see the animals die, and especially the deer, with their almost human, pleading eyes? How can they have the kind and tender feelings that those have who shudder at the thought of killing any of God’s creatures?

In our family we like to save life. Often we take in dogs and cats that have no home, and if we cannot keep them, we find good places for them, and they have, in every case, proved grateful pets. One day this winter, our Missy found a little, white dog sitting on some cold steps and she tried for three days to coax him home, but he would not come at first; so she took food to him every day until he came over with her to our house. His poor little hind feet were nearly frozen, and we wrapped a warm cloth around him and gave him to the “garbage-man.” In about ten minutes our Missy looked up the street and there, perched upon the seat, sitting up, wrapped in his blanket, was the little tramp; he was barking at the people passing the wagon (while his master was away) and guarding the wagon. Does not this show appreciation and intelligence?



It was funny to see the lightning change in him from a poor half-starved, timid, abused waif, to the guardian of a "garbage-wagon," but I am sure he will repay the good man who gave him a home. To-day, our Missy asked the man if he had the dog; he said "O, yes!;" then he was asked what name he had given his pet; he answered, "Mouser," and he looked pleased when he was asked about his dog. We thank him from the deepest corner of our hearts. Men of wealth and business do not take time as a rule, to help poor animals in distress, but our Missy thinks that men in moderate or humbler circumstances seem to find time; sometimes too much wealth, health, and happiness make us neglectful of others and blind to the outside world of trouble. Let us all try to be more thoughtful, charitable, and humane.



STUART-WHITE



## CHAPTER XII

We are so sad at our house for our darling little Sinny left us on October the thirtieth. He was ill for three days and the doctor gave him medicine, but he could not save him, nor could our Missy with all the kind treatment she gave him. He had "gastritis" the doctor said, from over-eating, which is the trouble with many young cats and dogs; they should not be overfed. So our dear, lively, gentle, cunning Sinny, the pet of the household, left us for a home where there is no suffering, and we miss him, oh, so much! We buried him in the flower-bed where he used to play amongst the flowers. I missed our Sinbad greatly and wondered where he was. For two months, our Missy could not continue this story, and we at first thought we never could, without our dear Sinny, but at last we have taken up the severed chain and I shall try to finish the story for the little people, just as I think my dear little brother would wish. Our darling Sinbad was so gentle, happy, and good that he was an example to human beings; always full of fun, he brought sunshine into our family of quiet old folks. His short stay with us, our Missy says, resembles a beautiful flower, born in the spring, in full bloom and beauty in the summer, and drooping and fading away in the fall. That was little Sinbad's history, the memory of which is one sweet, pleasant dream.



## CHAPTER XIII

The chain of our story, which was broken by the passing of our beautiful little innocent Sinbad, has been united with links of love, so once more I take up the thread of this narrative and shall do my best to please you, as I feel sure did our little Sinbad.



MIDSHIPMITE

I was very lonely for a week, so our Missy sent up North for the twin brother of our Sinny, who looked like him only that he had a white collar around his neck, which Sinbad did not have. So, one Friday afternoon, the expressman brought to our door a box directed to our Missy, and tacked on the upper corner was a card, with these words written upon it, "Please give me some milk," and signed "Mr. Puss." Our Missy was not at home, for this was her club-day, and you children know what a "club-day" means, but our good Mama was at home, so

she opened the box, and out walked the largest cat, for a kitten, that you ever saw. I thought he was another bear cub! I feel sure our Mama was surprised also, for she exclaimed, "Why, I thought Sinbad's brother would be *his*



size"; but this cat was twice as large, so extremely handsome. We did not speak, but I ran and hid. When our Missy returned at 6:30 p. m., she was overcome with amazement, for there sitting up as "straight as a judge," on our front stairs, and on our new stair-carpet too, was this enormous black and white something.

"Well," said our Missy, "this, certainly, cannot be Sinny's twin, but if he is, that proves what country life will do for animals as well as for children, for he is twice the size our Sinbad was when he left us. I believe this is the handsome cat that was found in the woods and that stayed around our cottage last summer. But I do not think that Barney would send us another cat when we specified that we wanted Sinbad's brother." So we tried to make him feel at home and welcomed him as our Sinny's overgrown twin brother. He did not feel very well the first few days after he got here; the day-and-a-half journey with so many changes and noises made him sick and tired, so we did not get at all acquainted. After he felt better he began investigating his new home.

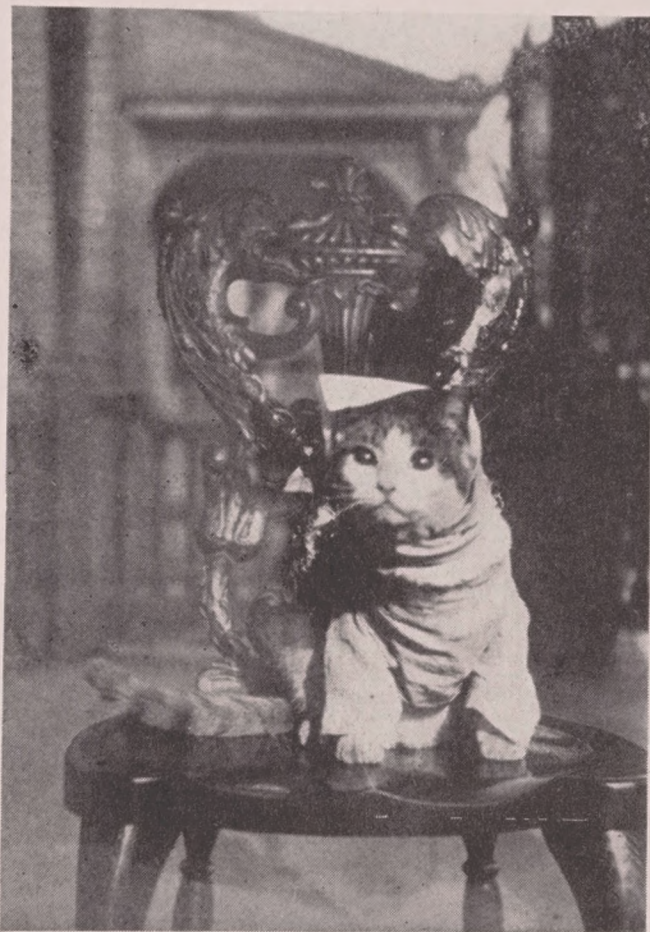
He seemed to find the kitchen the most interesting place, and so he went out there and walked right up to the gas-range and stuck his nose up to the light, and then he jumped back; but it was too late, for he had scorched his pretty eyebrows and whiskers, and I declare if they were not curled up just as a dandelion stem is when you split it and put it in your mouth to make it curl. What a novel way to make one's straight hair curly! but don't any of you children try that way, for it is a wonder that his eyes were not injured, or his face. He had to go around in this funny style for a number of days until the burnt eyebrows broke off and you can guess how we all laughed at him. He never seemed to like the stove after that. Of course, by that time he had a name, for in our family our names are usually given us before we arrive on earth; so he was named "Midshipmite,"



and we pet-named him "Middy." He received his name so as to belong to our crew, you see. Of course, Middy did not have a pedigree, so he was all right to join our party. For some days we kept apart, then we saw a look in each other's face, which rather said, "Let's get acquainted," so we both ran into the dining-room and sat on each side of the table-leg and peeped across at the other. The examination of each other's features did not seem to be pleasing to either of us, for we both said and spoke some ungentlemanly words — I shall not tell you what they were; then we struck each other with our paws, and ran into the library and I found shelter under the couch, while Middy ran up on the best stairs on the new carpet, and sat down and peeked through the banisters at me. We soon retired for the night after that, and the next morning neither of us would even go into the room where the other was. I heard a crash, and the family said that Midshipmite had knocked down a plate from the pantry shelf while foraging for food; his breakfast not being ready in time to suit his Midshipmiteship. He had been in the habit of foraging for his food in the woods, or of having it handed to him out of doors, and so he was not familiar with our city ways. All he got for that mistake was some nice warm milk. I do not think that Middy was ever burdened with politeness; still we think that had he remained with us longer, he might have attained some pedigreed ways. After this new member of the family arrived, there was tumult and trouble all the time. He was afraid to look out of the windows, and when a wagon or a dog or even a person would pass on the sidewalk, he would "get crazy," so our Master would say. Our Missy felt sorry for him and petted him and did all she could to tame him, but really he seemed to be born wild, and he evidently was "sowing his wild oats," and the worst of it was that most of them were sowed on me. He took every opportunity to chase me, and once or twice, I think it was three



times, he jumped on my back, and I just yelled, you know. He had a grudge against me from the start and really showed that he thought I had no right to be in my own house when he came. I was almost convinced that I did not have a right, by the way he treated me. I got so I was afraid to come out from under the couch, and my life was becoming one extended nightmare. He was so very sweet and good with our Missy, and, when I was not around, he pretended to be "too good to eat." One day the tables turned. He was feeling rather disagreeable, I guess, for he turned and bit our kind Mama on the hand, so she felt as I felt when Middy overfeasted on me. He was so beautiful that we did not want to send him back. His face and breast were so white and his black coat so glossy that he really was a handsome animal. Finally, he bit our Missy and she decided, that if he could not love *her*, he would never love any of us, so we concluded to send him back to the country. Our Missy even made him a straight-jacket of pink cloth tied with blue satin ribbons and put it on him so that he could not run so fast; but even that did not keep him from jumping on me as soon as he would set his handsome eyes on the poor yellow cat. As he was returned before we could get a picture of him in his pink straight-jacket, I have been forced to shoulder his coat of correction and pose for my picture



CAPTAIN KIDD JR. IN MIDDY'S STRAIGHT-JACKET



just to show you how he looked. Don't you feel sorry for me? It is very hard to run in this jacket as it holds your feet back, so I am going to be good, and then I shall not have to wear it; then the pink was becoming to Middy but not to me, and that will also be an incentive to be good, as I like to be admired, and blue is more becoming to a blonde. We did feel sorry for Midshipmite when we received



ALFRED AND MIDSHIPMITE

a letter stating that they had sent this cat in place of Sinbad's brother, as the brother had died soon after Sinbad left his home, and that this Middy was the little half-starved kitten that little Alfred found in the woods the fall before. He had grown to be so large and handsome that the family all loved him and it was a sacrifice for them to send him to our Missy, but they said that they loved her so dearly that they were glad to please her. My! how sorry our Missy was to think that they had done so much for her, so

when we could not agree, our Missy really was pleased to have an excuse to send him back to his friends in the country, and they say he was very glad to get back and they were very happy to have him, so we returned him for a Christmas gift with a five-dollar bill, which was very little indeed, after the unselfishness shown by these good people; but the love and appreciation which we all bear to the good Barney and his little boys is larger than any bank of money. When Middy was brought home by Alfred and his brother to their father



Barney, the kitten looked so starved and sick that the father thought it best to chloroform him and put him out of his misery, but the boys pleaded so to save his life that the good man went to work feeding him carefully and treating him until he recovered. What a splendid example for others to follow! This kind-hearted man saved the life of one of God's creatures, and proved that right treatment will usually bring good results. Remember, children, this story of a little country lad, Alfred, who could not see a tiny mite of a kitten starve, and think that if he lived in your city, what a help he could be to the humane societies and to the animal kingdom. This boy deserves a medal. It was quite a joke on our Missy having the puss come down, and she says that Middy came to Chicago on a visit of a month and as he did not like city life nor city cats it was wise to make him happy in his home in the woods, with a family that is fond of all animals. Our Master teases poor Missy and says, "Well, how is your eight-dollar cat?" for he cost in all that sum, but if we had not had him we could not have written this chapter; so you see he was of great importance to us, and Chicago should be proud to have had his distinguished presence even for a month.



SILVER STARLIGHT



## CHAPTER XIV

“Hello! Pit-Pat! How did you get in to my house?”  
“How do, Captain Kidd Jr. I just walked in through that little hinged-door space that you left open in your basement; don’t you want to see me?” “Oh, yes! but it may be that some of the family will object, still as long as you are here and the family is not, it may be my duty to bid you welcome, so come and sit down on our best fur rug in the parlor.”

Pit-Pat is my little friend, and as he has gone home, I will tell you about him. Pit-Pat is a white, short-haired kitten, with one blue eye, as blue as the sky, and one yellow eye, as yellow as a buttercup; now is not that a peculiar freak of nature? Still, he is a very pretty kitten, and I like him so much that I visit him in his home under the porch. At night he sleeps in the basement of the house that he lives in, and he belongs to two little girls, Margaret and Catherine, who love him dearly. The first time he saw himself in our long console, he thought that he had seen another cat, so he ran home as fast as he could. The second time that he called, was when all my family were away; so I just went over and told him that I was lonely, and asked him to come over. Didn’t we have a dandy time! We ran all over the house and curled up all the rugs. It is lots of fun to run and slide on the rugs along the floor — you see the floor is slippery. Last night, when Pit-Pat came over, our family happened to be at home, so our Missy gave him some milk in my individual saucer. I watched him drink for a time and when I thought he was going to lick the bottom out of my own saucer I just took my paw and slapped him on the blue-eyed side of his face. This chum of mine is so timid when out of doors that we have not been able to take a picture of him,



but we shall try to do so before this story is finished. This is how these little girls happened to become the fortunate owners of such a freak kitty. One day this little puss came into their yard, and as they could not find to whom he belonged, they very kindly adopted him and named him "Pit-Pat." So he is a little short on a pedigree, but he is a kind, affectionate cat and is beloved by his little friends.

I just heard to-day a story about our neighbor, Royal Dick. His young mistress said that he was lost for three days and that they could not find him anywhere; so one afternoon, while feeling very sad, she walked into a rear basement store-room and she heard a faint cry, (you know pedigreed cats have only a faint, little squeak for a cry — that is one defect in their pedigree, we think, for we admire the regular, powerful voices of the "Orchestra cats" at night). Well, the young mistress followed the sound, and there, peeping out through a tiny crack between the door and the door-jam of an old, discarded refrigerator, was dear Dicky. He could not push the heavy door open, so he had remained there, sleeping on some old papers, but without food for three days. He had evidently gone in while the door was open and it had closed after him. With kittens around one has to be so careful for fear of closing them up in drawers, or rooms unused. The family rejoiced when they found their pet.

You should see us run — I mean Pit-Pat and me — when a dog gets after us. I look like this picture of me on top of the post. My! but it is lucky that dogs cannot climb trees and posts. You see, after I lost my dear little brother, and after the big, artificial brother had been sent home to the country, I had to have some company, and so I adopted little Pit-Pat as a second cousin, and we have very fine times together, for our dispositions are similar. One peculiar thing about him is that when the gongs are



sounded for dinner, he runs home as fast as he can. We invite him to stay but he does not accept; on the other hand, I run at that same time and jump upon the chair placed for me by my Missy's side. The family say that I am the first pet that ever was permitted to have a seat at their table; but, having lost so many pets lately, the



CAPTAIN KIDD JR. FLEEING  
FROM A DOG

family have felt the need of having me around to brighten them up, so I have my chair, and for dinner whatever I like from the table. I prefer cooked corn and peas with cream sauce on them, and I leave meat at any time for vegetables. I am also fond of potatoes — and sweet potatoes especially. As to milk, I refuse to drink skimmed milk, and prefer it from the cream-pitcher. My tastes are a little pedigreed, in fact rather fastidious for a “tramp cat.” To tell you the truth, there is nothing denied me in our house, and I certainly rule the family.

Our Missy thinks that pets are essential, both in families where there are children and in those where there are none. It is a good thing, she says, for people to have about them something which requires attention, and she certainly practices what she preaches. One's mind becomes morbid with too much reading, or too much business, or too much housework, or too much of any one thing; diversion is the cure for tired brains or for overworked members of the body; so don't forget, everybody, to “ride a hobby” and thus keep



young, and free from thinking of one's self all the time. Pets do such funny, mischievous things at times that one is obliged to laugh, and laughter keeps the heart light and makes every one around happy.



## CHAPTER XV

Guess what we have at our house! Did you take three guesses? Well, I know you cannot guess, so I shall tell you.

Our Missy has a day at home each week, and that is Tuesday; she calls it, when she puts on style, her "at home," and she expects everyone to call upon her on that day, you know, whether they want to do so or not. She is even at times so anxious for people to call that she has "Tuesday" printed on her visiting cards, and she says that one or two other ladies do the same, would you believe it? Well, last Tuesday a lady called early in the morning and took our Missy away, but in about ten minutes they returned and brought with them a little stranger about a foot long, with very marked features, and hair parted in the middle. He had on tiny gray fur boots and he was a cunning little fellow. When the lady put him down on the floor, what do you think I saw?—four little fur boots, a wee fur bonnet, and a wee fur coat, for this tiny visitor was a baby-kitten, just old enough to lap milk. He was what is called a "tabby cat." My! but he was "cunning" to the ladies, but to me he looked like a rat. After our visitors had departed, the absence of guests upon our Missy's "at home" day caused her to become uneasy, so she thought of the other little kittens in the dark basement of a store and wondered whether she did not need another cat as a companion for me. Finally, when she could stand it no longer, she sent our good maid over to the grocer with a note asking him to deliver to her the three basement-kittens which the kind clerk (who had the special department of looking after the kittens) did, and we had



a hard task choosing. However, we finally selected the one that looked like our early lady-caller's kitten, with fur boots on, and sent the other two home; then we at once set to work to introduce the tiny visitor (who was the only other caller on that day) to the family and the house furnishings, but not to the parlor. I really enjoyed watching the curiosity displayed by this tiny mite, who inspected all the things in the rooms from the library to the kitchen. All went well, and it was very enjoyable to me until he was taken upstairs and into the domain which I rule. Gracious me! if this saucy little kitten did not spy my own private bed the first thing, and begin playing with the ruffles of my pillow. I just sat down in the middle of the floor and kept my two eyes on him. He soon became tired of tossing up my bed; then he discovered my worsted ball that used to be blue and white, but that is now smoked-pearl color; so the presumptuous "tabby-kitten," who looked like a rat, just took that ball, and, for five minutes, he did not know that there was anything else in the house. I think that he would have been playing with it yet had not our Missy brought him a saucer of warm milk; in consequence his investigations were delayed for a few seconds. After he had smacked his lips over that good milk, he felt so lively that he jumped, turned somersaults all around the floor, and acted like a real monkey. All at once, without a moment's warning, he tumbled into my own private basket-bed, and was asleep before I could blink my eyes open with astonishment. We had peace for a half-hour, and in that time we decided upon his name. Our Missy said that he must be named "Kenwood," as he was born in the basement of a grocery in that aristocratic suburb, "Kenwood;" and, in order to fulfill the requirements of our fashionable neighborhood, and be a credit to it, she also proposed giving him a title, so "Colonel" was prefixed to his sub-



stantial name; and now I take great pleasure in introducing to you my new tiny brother, "Colonel Kenwood," who did not cost one cent. Could you see him I feel sure you would say, as I did, "He looks like a rat." Our Missy says, when friends laugh at him, "Don't you laugh at Colonel Kenwood, for some day you will find him a handsome, intelligent, striped cat, for he has the markings of a fine tabby." We discovered, upon close examination, that he had real blue eyes, which will add to his beauty. Another very peculiar and uncommon feature of his cunning face is that he has a decided "M" in his forehead, which looks exactly as though an artist had taken black paint and drawn the letter. Now we think that is quite a mark of beauty and strength of character, for it stands for two very powerful words, "man" and "mascot," so our Missy calls him her "mascot," and she told me to be very good to my adopted



COLONEL KENWOOD

brother, for he was the mascot, which would finish our story satisfactorily. (That last word I can not say any better than you can.) But there was a downfall from pride when our important Master came home in the evening and saw our new investment; he said, "Why didn't you get a pretty kitten?" Then our Missy said, "He is beautiful, but it is your eyes that deceive you." Then he picked up our new investment and examined his face, and said, "That settles it—he is branded with the letter M, which means



monkey; take him away." Well, our Missy's feelings were hurt, I saw, and I think I felt a lump in my own throat, although I had not liked him so far, and had not even felt of his soft fur. I stood off and spat at him until this moment; then when I knew that he was not admired, I just said to myself, "When any thing or any one has something the matter with him and every one shuns him, that is the time for kind hearts to defend him and try to make him oblivious to his misfortunes." So I ran to him to show him how sorry I felt, and was going to give him a kiss, but do you know, the little midget raised up his tiny back and made a regular "U," reversed, of himself, and with his pennypaw he slapped me in my face; at the same time he said a word which I could not make out but sounded like sp-p-p-p-p-t. I ran under the couch, for I admit that I am a coward. That attack made our Master become interested, so he said, "Well! Monkey, you certainly have pluck," and he took my adopted brother and placed him on the desk. The midget marched all over it, put his nose up to the light, peeped into the ink-well, walked on all the books, and finally knocked the letter-opener off on the floor. He had won the respect of our Master, so he was to stay. Now, he plays with the kitten as soon as he comes home, and because our mascot does such funny things, our Master likes to watch him. As for me, since we have become acquainted and since I have found out that the tiny kitten is not going to eat me up, we have great fun. He is a little familiar as yet and runs after my long tail, but after he receives a few more boxes from me, he will understand better whose tail it is. He has a pretty face, and a chain of black fur around his neck. His breast is white, and we think now, with polishing, he will turn out very presentable, and will become a credit to our select suburb. Since Colonel Kenwood has been adopted, it will be a week to-morrow, and he knows what



he wants already. He likes his milk warm, and it must be in a white saucer, as he refused to drink out of a clean, bright tin. He selected crushed peas and sweet potatoes from the vegetable list, and well done, and the peas must have milk on them. He wishes his sweet potatoes without gravy or butter, and if he condescends to eat bread at all, it must be dry and in fine pieces. As I am a vegetarian, it will be easy to cater to our tastes. Of course my menu is longer and more varied than the adopted eater's, but before long we shall dine together. Just now his table manners are far from perfect; he walks right into his milk and laps so fast and loudly that you would think of a suction-pump. The strangest thing about Ken (that is my name for him) is that he runs into everything. He will start on a run, and no matter whether it is a table-leg, a stove, a hassock, or a person in the way, he goes head first, bump into it; his head must be made of iron for he is never disturbed by any encounter. Of course, his head may be so soft that he rebounds. Another real artistic effect about my adopted brother is that he represents another letter in the alphabet, the letter "U," again turned upside down, between his front feet. Our Master tells us it signifies that he is "bow-legged," and our Missy says that is all right, so that he is not cross-eyed at the same time; she also says that this addition to his figure was so pleasing to her that she selected him on that account; thus you may see that whatever objection is found with Colonel Kenwood our Missy thinks him only the more charming and fascinating.

Have you noticed anything peculiar about our names? I think it will be rather confusing later to some of our friends. You see that I am "Captain Kidd," and the little chap is "Colonel Kenwood;" so we are both "C. K." You children must be very particular, should you wish to write to me, to address my letters, "Captain Kidd Jr.," in full, for



if they should just come "C. K.," the little rascal would open them, I know, as he is possessed to scratch open every parcel that he finds. If I had the opportunity to name children and animals, I should not give two in one family the same initials, but I had no voice in this matter, and to tell you the truth, no one about our house has anything to say except our Missy; but, for all that, she is our idol, and our home would be dreary if we did not have her to help make it lively and busy-like, at times.

Do you know that little Ken does not talk? he only squeaks once in a while, and then his voice is so faint, we have to guess what he wants. It is not a hard guess, for it usually means "milk." My! but he is clumsy; a few minutes ago, he tried to walk on the typewriter keys, just as our Missy was writing this about him too, and his foot slipped between the keys. He then hopped upon our Missy's shoulder and tumbled off and struck his penny-mouth on the edge of the table; he never said a word though, whatever he may have thought. We found out that he had not hurt himself, and he still had the tiny front tooth left, so we felt relieved; he decided then to take a nap and as he is still sleeping, we will now leave him enjoying sweet dreams.



## CHAPTER XVI

Did you hear that squeal a few minutes ago? Well, that was my adopted brother, Colonel Kenwood. You will remember that we left him asleep, in the last chapter. He was having a nice nap when our Missy took him up in such a hurry that the poor little fellow thought that that horrible "nightmare," which we hear so much about, had gotten him "for keeps." And all on account of a picture. Our Missy watched for the sun to come out that she might take a picture of the new investment; so, as soon as it appeared, she did not wait to ask permission but "hustled" my little midget of a brother into the "guest chamber" (the one without any guests), and placed him upon a table and snapped twelve pictures of that little bundle of fur, that did not cost a cent. Poor young one, he was not really awake, and in one picture he fell off and made a long blur on the film which looks like a comet in the sky. In this case, though, you could not even see the tail. He is so funny about his sleeping trick, he falls asleep standing up, or sitting in the middle of the floor, or even when he is playing; suddenly he shuts his eyes and performs a sleeping trick, in all sorts of curious ways. One day, that sleeping trick happened to enter his mind just as he was looking out of the window and he fell right against the glass and bumped his nose; but all he did was to shake his head and try again; this time he rolled off the window-seat and our Missy caught him in her hands in time so as not to wake him up. I never learned that trick of sleeping anywhere and in any position, did you? Ken is peculiar in another way, he thinks the air was made to walk on, so when he sees anything across the room, on a bed or a table, and he is upon the window-seat or any high thing, he just walks



right ahead off into space and wonders how it is that he is on the floor. To see him start to walk off a table or a desk with his tiny head thrown up, with such a consequential expression on his face, showing so much confidence in his ability, makes one laugh, even a cat; and it takes a very, very funny happening to make a cat laugh. When he goes "thump" on the floor he never murmurs, but picks himself up and starts to do another daring feat. I forgot I was telling you about the pictures. Did you ever have your picture taken? That's nothing, but did you ever have your picture taken with a little brother or sister? That's another problem in arithmetic, now, one, minus one, plus one makes one, but one, plus one makes two; so in this case, it became one plus one, and I made the two. You can see ahead what my trouble was to be. If you ever saw a squirmer or a wiggler in your life, just think of my little adopted brother with a large "M" on his thoughtless brow, and you will feel sorry for me. After the mascot had posed just as he wanted to pose, and had used up eight films, I was placed on the "witness stand," and I, of course, was instructed to sit still and look pleasant. How could I? for that little monkey (he's "monkey" when I'm mad at him) kept biting my feet and my long tail so that I had to move about; then I was told to "sit still," I heard those two words so many times that afternoon that I could spell them, I think.

Between bites and the wiggling that took place, the photographer managed to get, out of the twelve films, these



DON'T WANT TO LOOK PLEASANT



which we present to you. After we had gone through that frightful ordeal of posing, we received for our bad conduct a dish of warm milk, and I tell you tiny Ken enjoyed it so much that you could hear him sip it clear across the room. He felt so fine after his banquet that he jumped upon a small table and pulled the cover off, falling with it to the floor, and taking along a small clock to keep time for him on his descent. After that, he went back to the milk, but it had been put into a red dish that stood a little too high for him, so he put his foot upon the edge to reach up and drink, when, over it turned, and his best shoes and stockings got spattered with milk. How he did shake them and looked back at the milk as much as to say, "See what you did!" He was obliged to wash his coat and vest a long time. We fool him, though, about downstairs. Once a day we take him down for exercise and a change, and he plays in the library and the rooms on the first floor; but when our Missy takes him down the stairs she holds her hand over his eyes so that he cannot see where he is going, as she says he is too small to go downstairs by himself, and should he see how I go down, he would try it, for he thinks that he can do everything that I do. My! but he is conceited!

O, me! O, my! I am all a-whirl; my heart has just returned from a hasty trip to my mouth, and all because I nearly lost my life. The upstairs window on the third floor was open and I rushed out in a hurry on the slanting roof over the porch; the roof was covered with snow and ice, and I slipped away down to the end and just had a tiny hold with my sharp nails. I did not know what to do, but I did not cry as I should have done to attract attention; in some way our Missy saw me and she said, "Hold on, Kiddens dear, until I get a blanket," so with this encouragement I held on until the little blanket from my bed was spread on the roof and the corner was so near me that our Missy said, "Catch hold of the cover, and I will pull you up!" "I really understood; so



I took hold with one claw and our Missy pulled me up until she could reach out and take me by the nape of the neck and thus she saved my life. Just at the critical point our Mama came into the room, and she was frightened when she saw only our Missy's feet; she thought that she had fallen out, so she promptly grasped our Missy by her feet and pulled both of us in. We all looked pale and I felt very colorless. You know how slippery ice is; well, I did not know, for this was my first winter on earth, and as I had been in the habit of running on that same roof all summer, I did not know but that the beautiful snow was a soft carpet. I shudder now when I think what might have been, as the fall would have been twenty-five feet from the ground, and without any stops for rests, it would have been too sudden for even a cat to narrate.

We have just received a telephone message stating that little Ken's twin brother has been named "Michael Angelo," and that he was to be called "Meke" for short. Well, we all were almost overcome with mirth, and we laughed and laughed until our new brother said, "Wat oo laf at bruvver?" Then we explained to him who the great painter and sculptor was, and if you do not know, just look up in the Encyclopedia and read about this great painter of the past. So Colonel Kenwood is going to have the honor of an artistic brother, who has no bow-legs such as my little adopted brother is favored with. We do not know enough about this little chap who lives in "swell" Kenwood to tell you any of his smartness, but you can guess that if he is a relative of my understudy he is a smart fellow, and maybe when he paints his masterpiece or chisels his marble statue, we shall all be proud to own relationship. Now I am going to tell you about a darling little dog who is a friend of our Missy's, but, of course, being just a dog he cannot be my best friend.



## CHAPTER XVII

### CARITA (LITTLE DARLING)

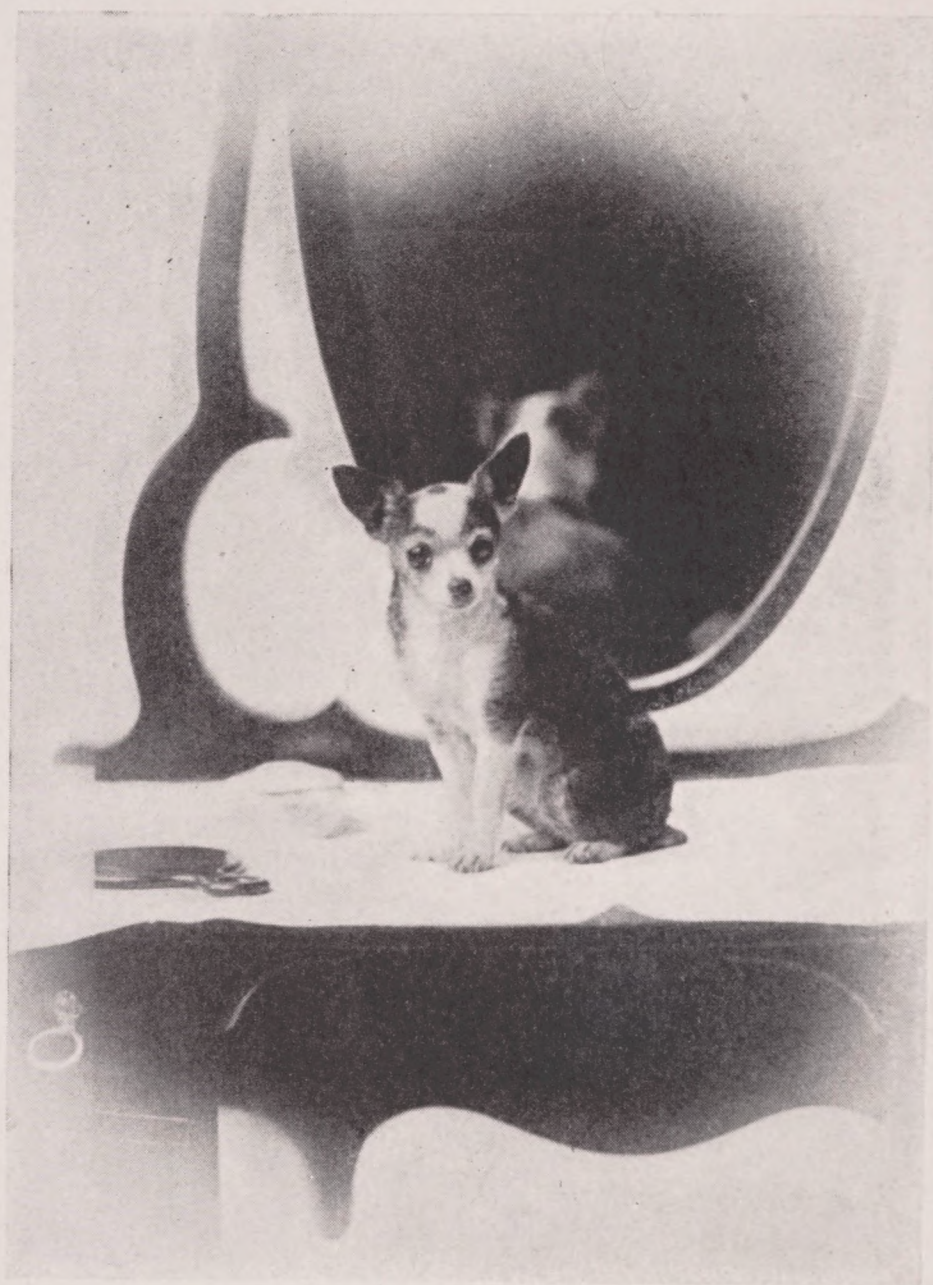
Carita! sweetness, kindness, gentleness, and loveliness reverberate when we speak this musical name, and when we know that it is a Spanish and Mexican word meaning "little darling" in our language we cannot but speak it with softness. It means so much to those who have a dear one by that fascinating name.

Carita is a little darling dog, only three and a quarter pounds in weight. She is known as a "Chihuahua" dog. Look on your map of Mexico and find the city by that name. Carita was born in a suburb of Chicago; her mother was named "Flirt" and her father "Dude." They came from the northern part of Mexico. These parents each weighed four and one half pounds. Their little daughter was called "Baby" for the first six months of her life, but upon Christmas eve, 1902, she was named "Carita," after her new mistress and master had searched the Spanish Dictionary for the sweetest name that could be found, a quest which occupied that entire Christmas eve. The name must be appropriate, musical, and endearing, so the sweet and appropriate name Carita, meaning "little darling" seemed to be coined for her. She is so petite that great care has to be taken to avoid walking on her. She sleeps in a willow basket with a canopy, all lined with light blue silk. Carita is so small that she stands on her mistress's hand. Carita's master brought her home in his overcoat pocket for a Christmas present to his wife, and to her fond mistress she has ever proved a source of pleasure, for she is intelligent, gentle, never cross, and she is a decided little lady. She is very



timid, afraid of everything, but that is because nearly everything is larger than her dear little self. One day she was taking a walk with her master and enjoying herself by running ahead of him, when without any warning, a tiny yellow butterfly flitted by, and she dodged it just as you would a bumble-bee. She was afraid of the little flying-machine. She can curl up in a hat, and you would hardly know she was there even if you were to put it on your head, especially if it were a silk hat. She is beloved by her owners and it is no wonder that people love their pets, for they give so much pleasure with their funny tricks and their devotion to their friends. Carita has a lovely home, and I feel sure that could she talk for herself, she would ask every person to be as kind and considerate of his pets as her gentle mistress is of her. This darling little love-thought for a darling little dog was written by a dear friend of both *her* mistress and *our* mistress, so we consider it a privilege to use it in our book.





CARITA (Chihuahua Dog)



## LINES TO CARITA

By Althea D. Iles

Ah, Carita!

With your human eyes  
Like the softest light of summer skies.  
Tell me, tell me, is it true,  
Little creature, that you, in kind,  
Also have a reasoning mind?  
Know you not, nor care  
The sky without is wild or fair?  
Understandest thou?

Ah, Carita!

You never lie awake at night,  
Wondering if all you've done is right;  
You take the love your mistress gives,  
Your little body thrives and lives.  
The blessings from her hand  
You comprehend, you understand.  
No complaint is ever made,  
No bitterness in your heart is laid.

Ah, Carita!

Cans't thou fathom time and space,  
Name the stars and tell their place?  
Master minds of all the ages,  
E'en the wise and learned sages  
No more can tell than thou,  
Carita,— the way — the how —  
But well you know 'tis love, 'tis love  
From Heaven above  
That makes the world go round,  
All else is naught to you!



## CHAPTER XVIII

“Extra, extra paper! all about the accident!” This is what should have been cried out in the streets last night, for we came very near having a serious accident at our house. You know Colonel Kenwood; well, he does not know everything just yet, so he crawled up on a window-grill screen, and it fell over with him. We heard a yell, and when we went to him his head was through the only hole in the screen, his tiny body on one side and his big head on the other. How he happened to meet with the only broken place in the screen and tumble right through it we cannot say, but it was funny to us to see him hanging there. We soon extricated the curious chap and he was not injured, only his heart was a little in a hurry. The reporter did not get there to notify the papers, and that is the reason you did not hear the “extra” called.

You should see how his ears are growing; he has one, right on the sides of the top of his head, and they are growing just the same, only the rest of his little figure does not seem to catch up. His paws are large, but he is so tiny, all but his ears. It may be that his being so clumsy is on account of his bow-legs; but my! how our Missy admires them, she calls everybody’s attention to the decided “U” which little Ken makes when posing, and she very much fears that they are growing straight. His mother evidently made him walk too soon. We try to make him look out of the windows, but he will not; he turns his head backward and wishes to get down and play in his own house; he thinks there is only one place in the world, and that is the house in which he lives, and which seems to be all the world that he cares to know



about. He was very happy last night, for he was invited to an oyster supper. We had oyster-stew for dinner, and he had one oyster in his stew, but you should have seen him fish it out with his mouth, and then try to swallow it whole; but our Missy took hold of the other end of the oyster and pulled it out of his mouth; then he was crazy for a time, he whirled around and around, saying something all the while, but he could not find the oyster; presently, when he had been teased long enough, it was given him in sections, just large enough for his tiny mouth. How he did enjoy that oyster-stew with one oyster in it! He said, "Ise wants mo toup." He talks the funniest, but our Missy says it is just as your little brother or sister talks. He is only two months old, you know. We are obliged to give Colonel Kenwood a small dish to drink his milk out of, for he walks right into it. We were given the same large dish to drink from at the same time, for economy's sake in washing dishes, but when I saw our mascot walk into it with two feet I decided to ask for a separate one, and when I found him with four feet in it, I said "If you please, I prefer a dish of my own," so a vote was taken and I have my own dish. Ken's table etiquette is in its infancy. Being so curious, he often gets into mischief, so last night, after his oyster supper, he walked into the bathroom, and in some way closed the door. The family spent two hours downstairs listening to the talking-machine, and when they went up to bed they heard a faint little "Help," and on opening the door, out walked the Colonel. Poor chap, he could cry all night and not be heard, were he locked in another room, for his squeak is so soft. His allotted bed-chamber at present is our "guest chamber;" he says that he does not mind having the best room; we cannot hurt his feelings. I am real glad that he came to live with us now that I have forgotten my jealousy; we have lots of fun,



romping. Kenny just received word that his twin sisters are named "Polly" and "Widman's Best," — you see the latter is the name of the grocery where this royal family lived, and where the quartet was born. Listen to the high sounding names — "Polly," "Widman's Best," "Michael Angelo," and our own young "Colonel Kenwood."



## CHAPTER XIX

### A FAMOUS CAT OF SIAMESE ANCESTRY — SINBAD

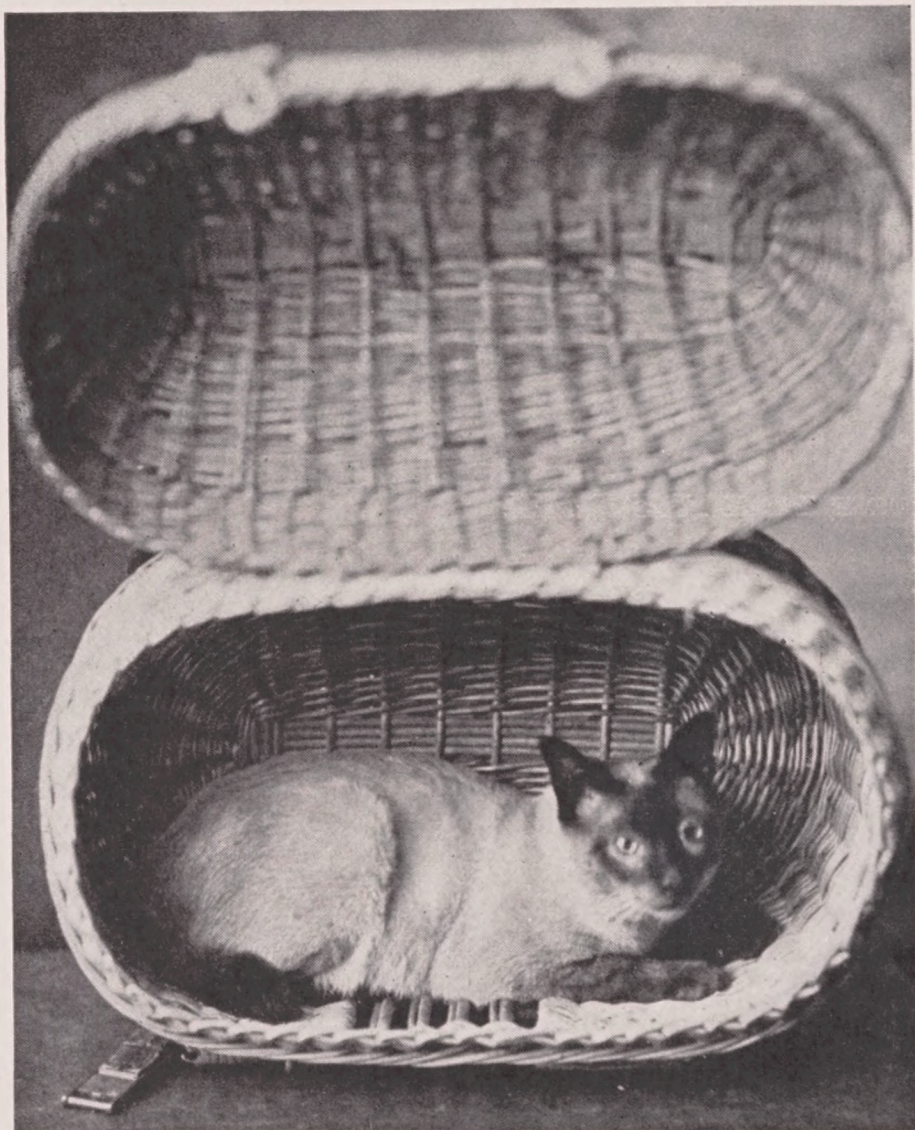
To the admirers of cats this story and this very choice picture of a truly “royal ancestral” cat will, I hope, prove a great treat.

Sinbad, the celebrated Siamese cat, is a direct descendant of “The Royal Cat” of Siam, his father and mother having lived with the King in his royal palace. These cats were what the King called “Pal-Cats,” and they were very valuable — choice specimens, with short, twisted tails. This famous Sinbad first opened his “bonny blue eyes” in a luxurious home in Lake Forest, Illinois. When a “wee thing” he travelled in a padded basket to “Brushwood Gables,” Windsor Park, Ill., and since then has been the joy of his mistress. When born, he was perfectly white, but he has developed the markings of his royal ancestors and now glories in a body-color of softest cream, with face, paws, ears, and tail of the deepest chocolate color. This little Siamese cat is indeed very intelligent and affectionate; he is almost a dog in his ways; he does not take kindly to cats but is quite happy with his human friends. If he thinks it is meal-time and fancies himself neglected, he will cry like a child.

I think it will be interesting for you to look upon the map of Asia and find the little kingdom of Siam and the city of Bangkok, and you will know where the father and mother of little Sinbad the Siamese cat were born. That city is the seat of government, so the castle where these royal cats were born and lived is in that city. Siam, with its boundaries, has an estimated population of about



9,000,000, with an area of about 220,000 square miles, being in comparison with the states of our country, about the size of Texas, yet Texas is somewhat larger. However, we wished to tell you little people something of



SINBAD (Siamese Cat)

this country and to give you an idea of the size of Siam, the home of these famous cats. I believe, as far as is known, there is only one other cat of the kind in this country. To look at this peculiar little animal, one would wonder at first whether he was a cat or a dog. We are very grateful to the owner for presenting us with his



picture. I extend my best wishes to him and hope that many years of comfort will attend Sinbad, the little royal Siamese.



## CHAPTER XX

### INTRODUCTION TO THE CAT SHOW

It is with the greatest pleasure that I invite all the little people from near and far to visit the "Cat Show" with me. Many children have never seen nor heard

*For\_ Captain Kidd, Jr.*



**The Beresford Cat-Club of America**

*invites you to its*

**Sixth Annual Show**

*at the*

**Coliseum Annex, Wabash Ave. and 15th Street**

**Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 16th, 17th and 18th, 1906**  
**10 a. m. until 10.30 p. m.**

**Admission Fifty Cents**

**Children Twenty-Five Cents**

**Show Opens January 16th at 10 a. m.**

about a Cat Show, so it is for these friends in particular that we describe, as accurately as possible, the Cat Show in Chicago. You will see by the reproduction



of my invitations that I was really invited to attend, and when I tell you what happened to prevent my visiting the Cat Show in person, you will feel very sorry for my lack of knowledge. In sending our Missy as my representative, or delegate, I feel sure that she has done all that she could to make this as interesting as I might have done, had I not been so thoughtless.

It happened in this way. My little white friend, Pit-Pat, came over and invited me to go to his home; so I accepted, and we went straight under the door of the shed and into his commodious living-room. This home had not been dusted for weeks, I feel sure, for when I returned to our Missy, she exclaimed that I was "a sight to behold," and looked so disgusted that I knew I had been naughty. Well, it was too late to be washed and combed before evening and, as it was the last night, I could not attend. The moral of this incident is that you should remember at all times to keep clean; to wash your face and hands, and have your hair combed, or you may miss the best time of your life by not being in a presentable condition. No one enjoys seeing untidy-looking children or animals. By the way, I heard a side remark that afternoon to the effect that I was now a smoke-colored cat. However, I exulted in being so exclusive as to receive the only formal invitation to a cat show from both the "Independent and National Cat Club," and the "Beresford Cat Club of America."

I listened to all our Missy said about the lovely cats, and from what I could learn she wanted them all. I was relieved when, in reply to a question from our Master as to whether she had taken them all, she exclaimed, "No! others wanted their own pets." I wondered how I ever could become acquainted with two hundred and fifty cats, and aristocrats at that, let alone having to pronounce their hard names. We are sorry to say that only a few ladies from the "Inde-



pendent and National Cat Club " have responded to our request for sketches of their famous cats, so we hope that others will not feel hurt, as our Missy asked all to contribute who wished to do so. The response from the "Beresford" came at once, so we are enabled to give a larger list of prize-winners. Both clubs had beautiful and valuable prize-cats and both had splendid exhibits. When a cat is brought to the Cat Show, the first day it is carefully examined by a veterinary surgeon and if in perfect health it is accepted and entered, and a tag with a number is tied around its neck; but if the cat is *not* in perfect health it is returned to the owner. This is to prevent contagion just as the health officers inspect the schools and the children, to prevent the spreading of disease. After the number is given the cat, he is placed in a cage with the corresponding number; the number of the cage is on the outside and corresponds with the catalogue number, so in this way it would be almost impossible to mistake one's own cat. The first day, judges are elected to judge the cats, and as soon as they have given their decisions, a prize badge is placed in, or on the outside of, the cage, showing in what class and in order prize was won. Blue is the first, red is the second, yellow the third, and white the special prize ribbons. As the cats are in classes, such as the white long-haired, the black, the orange long-haired, the white, and other color, short-haired, and the novice class, all are judged separately, so that one in each class receives a first, second, and so-on, prize. Some cats receive several prizes, as they are also judged as to the best eyes, and special prizes are awarded for these points. Some of the cages were lined with blue, white, pink, or yellow silkaleen to show off the color of the cats to advantage, and it also made a pretty picture — the variety of colors and the beautiful cats. Each day the cats are splendidly groomed by the owners or the attendants. Their long hair is combed, and if they are white, and have become a little dusty, they are powdered



with cornstarch, fullers earth, or magnesia which is then brushed out. It is not wise to wash cats — they are not a water animal and it often makes them delicate; then, if water gets into their ears it sometimes makes them deaf. It is a good plan to have a hair-brush and brush your cat once a day; this makes the hair soft and relieves any irritation of the skin, but one must do it carefully, as cats are delicate little animals. Have a brush expressly for your cat, and use it for no other purpose. It was a very pleasing sight to see one old black “mammy” with a most beautiful white Angora cat on her lap, combing its long hair; she was taking as good care of her mistress’s cat as of the little white babies. You may wonder perhaps what these shows are for, and what benefit is derived from “Horse Shows,” “Dog Shows,” “Cat Shows,” “Fat Stock Shows,” and “Poultry Shows,” which are held annually in the large cities. These exhibitions are to bring together the finest animals from all over the country, and some from abroad. The horses are thoroughbreds and receive prizes for certain points, the dogs are fine animals with pedigrees, the cats, poultry, stock, and other exhibits are handled in about the same way as the horse shows. It is a pleasure for the public to see these beautiful creatures, and it does good in this way — that we feel, after seeing these well-kept, kindly-treated, and pampered pets, that we must be kind and helpful to those animals which are homeless. Then, many of the prize exhibits are for sale, so that one may purchase the desired animal at these exhibitions. Another good point is that some of the money from these shows goes toward supporting the humane societies, and it would be a most charitable act if each annual show or exhibition of this kind would set aside a certain sum as a fund to assist societies that care for homeless and abused animals. Good people, think this over, and contribute as generously as possible to the humane societies in our large cities, for it is in the large cities that the



greatest abuse exists and where the largest numbers of homeless animals are to be found. Think of the good the splendid Mr. George T. Angell, founder of the American Humane Education Society, located in Boston, has done for animals. If a man ever deserved a reward, this honorable, beloved man has merited one, and more praise than we can possibly give him. Then, remember what the "Beautiful Jim Key," the famous educated horse, has done for his needy friends by giving exhibitions of his wonderful knowledge of spelling, arithmetic, and the many extraordinary manifestations of his intelligence. Most of the money he earns is devoted to helping humane work and keeping up his own band of mercy, which is called the "Jim Key Band of Mercy," office at 75 Maiden Lane, New York City.

So all these exhibitions have a tendency to improve the conditions in the animal kingdom, and when we know that our duty is to help the helpless and to do good to others, especially to the dumb animals, we shall then have learned the first lesson of life: our duty to God and to all His creatures.



## CHAPTER XXI

### THE BERESFORD CAT CLUB OF AMERICA — THE MOTHER CLUB. (Organized in 1899.)

[This club was named after Lady Beresford of London, who was the founder of the first Cat Club in England, and who is the most generous and unselfish cat fancier in that country.]

The building where the Cat Show was held is a very large one, but the cats were exhibited upon the second floor, in a great hall. There were two hundred and fifty cats entered, and it is said to be the largest show of the kind ever held in the city of Chicago. The show continued for three days, opening at ten o'clock in the morning and continuing until ten-thirty at night.

Prize cats, many of them of national reputation, were sent from all parts of this country and from Canada.

There were lines of cages, side by side, along the walls and down the center of the hall, each cage being made of wood, about three feet square and four feet high, with wire bars in front and a little wire gate fastened by a padlock, of which the owner carried the key. In the corner, securely fastened, was a tin cup which contained water. In the opposite corner was the bed, sometimes made of a pillow, or a soft pad, and sometimes of white cheese-cloth, tacked with blue or pink worsted, and finished around the edges with a ruffle of the goods. All the cages looked clean and neat. Some had ribbons attached to them showing the colors won, and some were decorated with all the prize badges suspended along the back of the cage, on view through wire bars. Nearly all the cats behaved themselves and were quiet, but once in a while you could hear some thoroughbred venting his spite in words. To keep germs away, every day a disin-



fectant was sprayed under the cages, and at night, blankets were thrown over each cage, the doors and windows were opened, and the hall was well ventilated so that the cats were in a healthy condition. The blankets were placed over the cages to protect the tender cats from exposure to the cold. On some of the cages little cards were fastened saying, "Do not feed," "Give cooked meat," "Feed raw meat," "Do not give raw meat," and bearing other requests, so that the good ladies who were to feed the cats could know just what each one was in the habit of eating. Other cats were cared for by the owners who stayed there in the day-time. At night the owners went home, but guards were on watch all night. Some owners took their cats home every night but they had to pay a deposit to do so, as the cats are supposed to be on hand when once entered. The admission is fifty cents for adults and twenty-five cents for children. A catalogue, giving the names of all the cats and the owners and telling about their prizes, and giving the color and type of cat, is sold for twenty-five cents. These cats are shipped by express from many large cities, and many come from fine catteries. When you want pedigreed cats you can obtain the best by writing or calling upon either of the clubs above mentioned, who will advise you where to get the cat you desire. Pedigreed kittens range from ten dollars up, according to the pedigree.

As the "Champion" of the Beresford Club this year was "Argent Splendour," we think it proper to begin the show with him. So, in placing the pictures before you, it gives us great pleasure to present, as the winner of the Lockehaven Challenge Cup, "Champion Argent Splendour." To win a "Challenge Cup" the same cat or one of the same color from the same owner or Cattery, is obliged to win it three times; that is he must get the special prize three times in succession, so this beautiful Chinchilla Persian cat has won the prizes as follows — First Hofstra Trophy, three





CHALLENGE CUP WON BY ARGENT SPLENDOUR  
CHICAGO, 1905



Challenge cups and specials in New York, in 1905, also medal for "Best Cat" in show, first prize and medal for best long-haired male in Chicago, 1905, and first and third specials in Rochester, in 1905. To become a



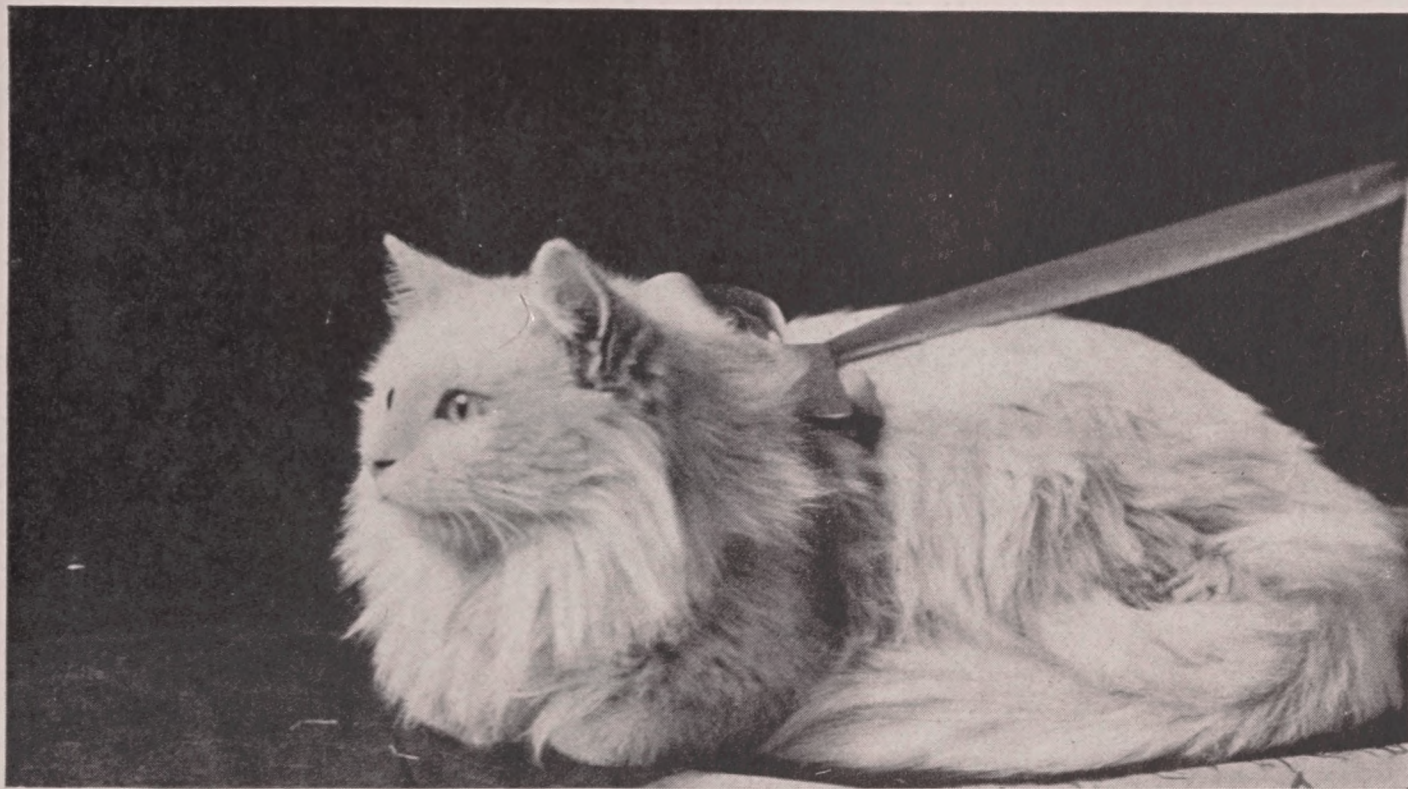
"Champion" a cat of solid-color must win ten points in the "Open Class."

The picture does not do him justice as he is even more beautiful. The reason why "Champion Argent Splendour" should come first is that his picture and sketch were given our Missy the first of all, also he was a visiting cat and so entitled to this courtesy. As we do not wish to show partiality we shall take the sketches and pictures in the order in which they were received from the owners.



## "SOUSA"

The next picture that we received, was of this beautiful and famous white cat from Ithaca, New York. He was born October 19, 1902, and shown for the first time in Rochester, N. Y., in November, 1905, where he won first prize in "Open Class," first in novice, and four specials, one



SOUSA

for best white male cat in show. The second time he was exhibited was in Madison Square Garden, New York City, January, 1906, where he won the first prize in open class and medal for best blue-eyed male in show. And this year his last prize was won in Cleveland, Ohio, where he won first. He is valued at \$1,000.

## "SIR PARIS"

"Sir Paris" is a son of "Brushwood Paris;" he is a magnificent, golden-eyed, long-haired Persian cat, valued at \$100. He weighs eighteen pounds and is two years



old. His disposition is ideal, which proves that gentleness is the means by which to train animals; he has never been whipped nor had cross words spoken to him, consequently he feels kindly towards all.

When at this exhibit, he seemed to delight in showing off, as he would get up and stretch himself to show how



SIR PARIS (White Persian)

large he was. Although "Sir Paris" loves to be admired, he objects to the necessary requirements to make him handsome; so, when he sees his bath-tub brought out, he runs and hides. The height of his happiness is to play on the piano, but that is a stolen pleasure.

"Sir Paris" won first prize in January, 1905, at the



Coliseum, and first and special in January, 1906. We are proud to own him as a type of Chicago's fine pedigreed cats.

The mistress of "Sir Paris" and "Baby Norton" said that they seemed lonely after they returned home, for the cats enjoy company and admiration.

#### "BABY NORTON"

This golden-eyed, short-haired, white cat, when only three weeks old, was deserted by her mother. As she was too young to lap milk, she was fed milk or cream by the drop. In spite of good care she developed stomach trouble and every one who saw her thought that she should be chloroformed, for she was very thin and weak. From day to day, "Baby Norton's" best friend postponed administering the drug, for the dear kitten would look up with such pitiful eyes that her mistress could not take the life she could not give, so she made her as comfortable as she could; and, after several weeks of good care, the little animal improved and soon developed into a beautiful kittie, with fur as soft as velvet.

Before she was a year old, she won the first prize for the best of her class in Chicago, 1905, and was awarded a silver medal for the best short-haired cat in show. In 1906, she won first prize again, and special for best golden-eyed, short-haired white, having won six points toward Championship, wanting but four points more to entitle her to prefix "Champion" to her name. She certainly was worth the kindness and care bestowed upon her while a helpless kitten. We hope that many other people will profit by this lesson of kindness.



BABY NORTON



“CHAMPION MATTHEW OF THE DURHAMS”

“Matthew of the Durhams” is conceded to be the best Cream cat in America. He was imported by his mistress, at a great expense, from England, as his former



MATTHEW OF THE DURHAMS

owner did not want to part with him. By mistake, he was sent to Detroit, Michigan, instead of to Chicago, and the poor fellow was held there for three weeks in a box before his mistress was finally able to trace him; then



he was forwarded to his present home. Just to think of an animal being kept all that time in a box! but he is now happy, and is glad to be an American citizen instead of a "Johnny Bull." He is the "biggest prize-winner" in America to-day, having won in England thirty first prizes and has been eighteen times adjudged the best cat in the show. In America he has also won many prizes, including the "Norton Challenge Cup"—this he won three consecutive times. Another cup, known as the "Behling Cup," was won in Milwaukee in 1905, and he was the winner of two more at the Atlanta Cat Club.

His mistress calls him a "Dear old chap," and she says that when she places him on a chair and points her finger at him, or says, "Lie down, Matthew," he will remain in the one place just as a dog will. "Matthew's" dear little partner is also a descendant of the famous "Romaldkirk"

family of creams from England, and supports the distinguished name of "Romaldkirk Daphne." She has also been a big winner of prizes in this country. At the recent Beresford show, she won the Championship and the "Gladdisfern Cup," for the best cream-colored little lady. She is very loving and affectionate and has a beautiful face. When the family is at the table, she will sit and look up at them with one paw lifted, as if saying, "Please do not forget that I am near!" She seems to enjoy watching the family eat; and is very observing, noting everything that goes on. Isn't she sweet?



CHAMPION RONALDKIRK DAPHNE



## "RED PRINCE OF GLADDISFERN"

"Red Prince of Gladdisfern" is an orange-colored cat and is also a prize-winner. He weighs sixteen pounds and is of a deep, even hue. Being a great pet and very



RED PRINCE OF GLADDISFERN

gentle, the whole family love him dearly. He enjoys being combed and brushed, and has one peculiarity for a cat, which is that he will follow on a lead, just like a dog. These three beautiful and valuable cats now live in Atlanta, Georgia, at the Aragon Hotel.



"ROYAL NORTON NO. 1"

The accompanying picture shows the king of the noted Drexel Kennels, "Royal Norton No. 1." He needs on



ROYAL NORTON No. 1

introduction to the public as he is very famous and well known to cat lovers all over the world. His age is eleven years and he is the father of "Red Dick" and numberless other noted prize winners. He is valued at \$3,000.00.

L OF C.



## CHAPTER XXII

### “CHAMPION LORD SYLVESTER” AND “SILVER FLASH ”

“Champion Lord Sylvester” is a famous, masked-silver Persian cat. This strangely marked cat is very different in appearance from any other cat represented in our story; for,



CHAMPION LORD SYLVESTER

if you will notice carefully, you will observe that there is a mask over his face, such as you have seen people put on.

“Champion Lord Sylvester” has won the following distinctions:

First prize and cup at show in Westminster, England.

First prize, Crystal Palace, England.



First prize in New York, 1902.

First prize in New York, 1903.

First prize in New York, 1904, and cup.

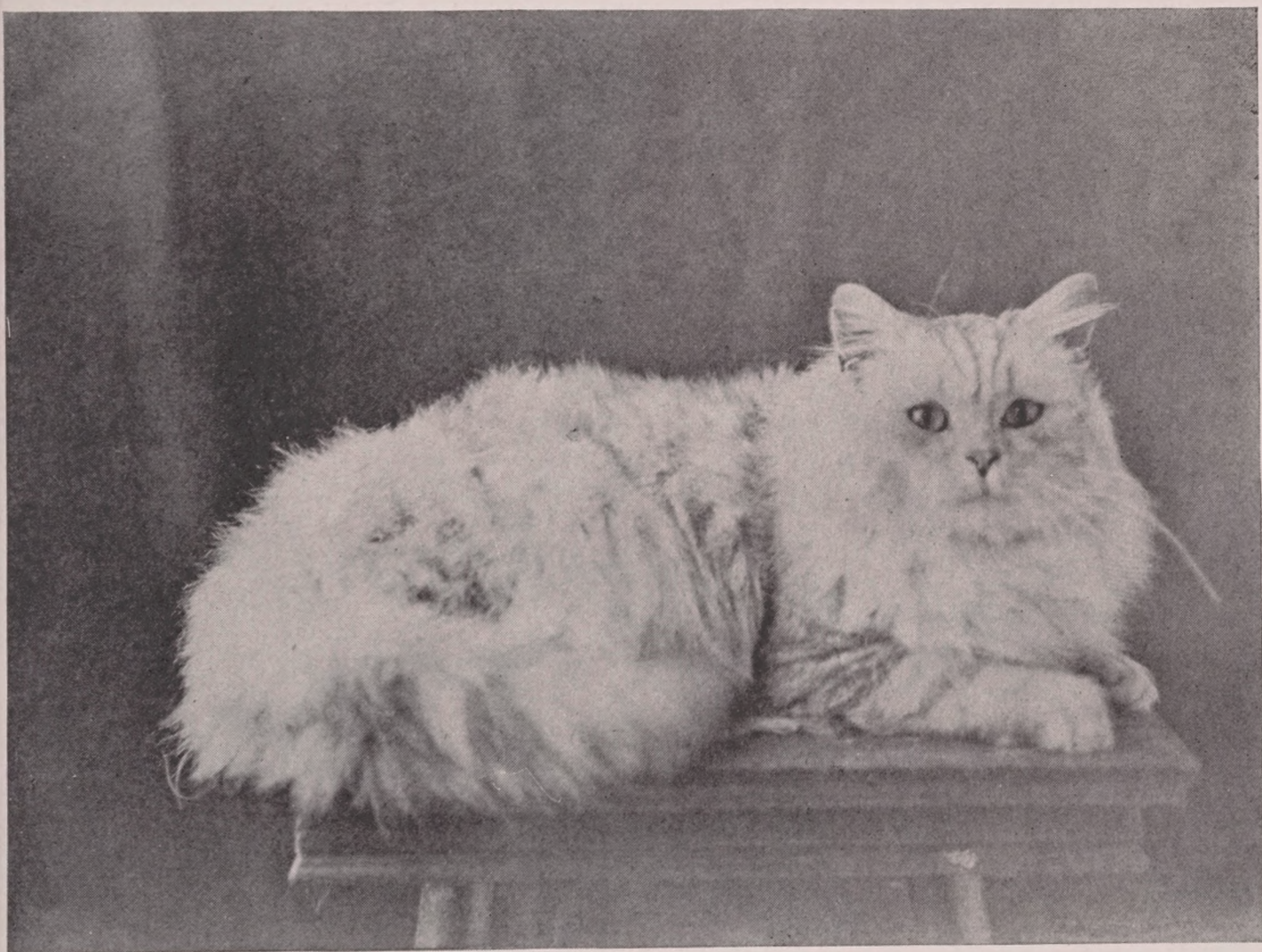
First prize in New York, 1905, and Challenge cup.

First prize and special, 1905, Chicago.

We congratulate "Champion Lord Sylvester" and hope that he will now be permitted to "rest on his laurels" and pass the remainder of his life in his comfortable home.

"SILVER FLASH"

"Silver Flash" is indeed a beautiful cat, as you can tell by his picture; he is what is styled a shaded-silver Persian cat. He is the winner of a first prize and medal



SILVER FLASH



taken in New York in 1905 and of the first prize in Chicago in 1905; he is owned by the same mistress as "Lord Sylvester." This photograph of "Silver Flash" certainly



PRINCE OF PILSEN

shows us a magnificent specimen of a Persian cat; furthermore, he looks as though he thoroughly understood what was required of him — to look pleasant and contented when his picture is to be taken. His whiskers are very long.



“PRINCE OF PILSEN”

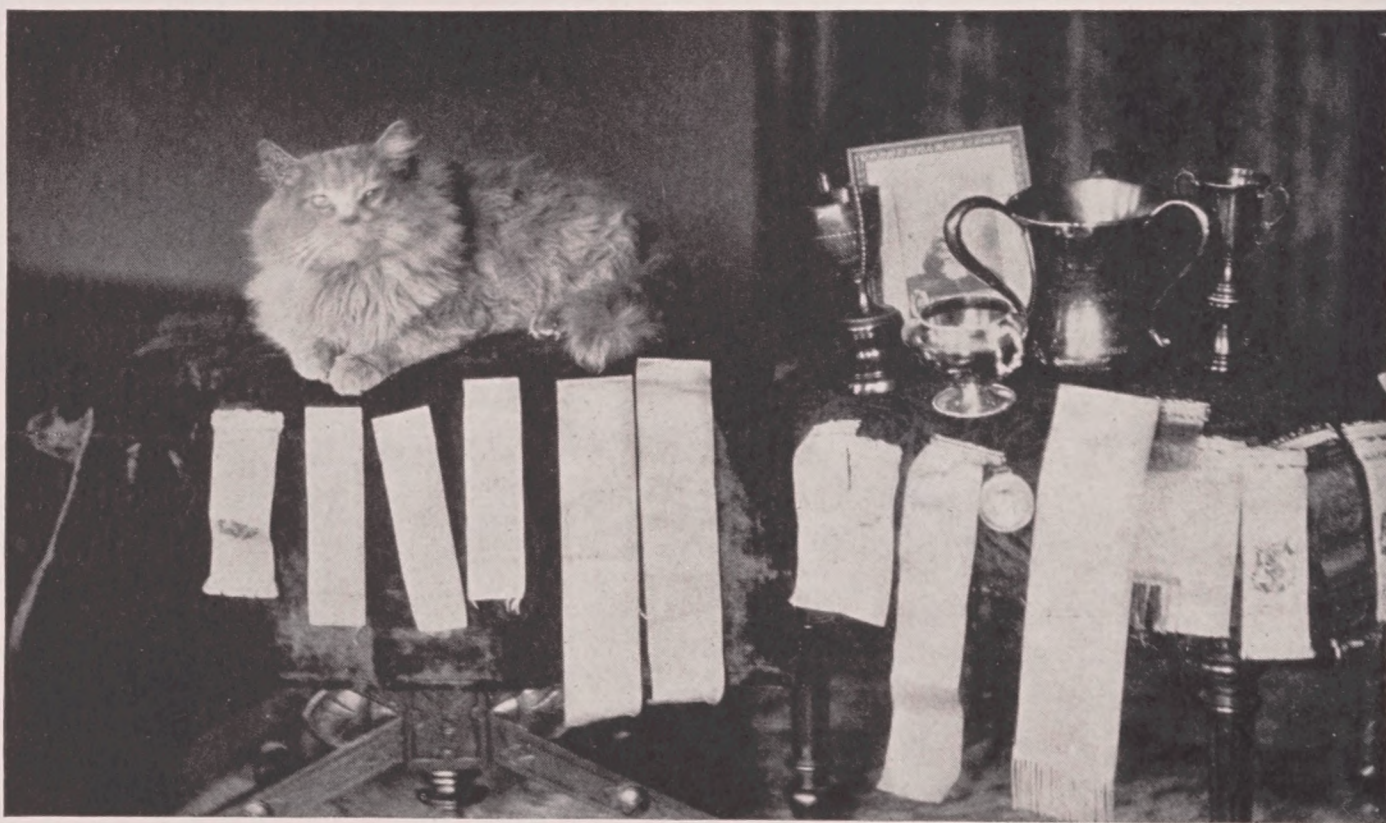
This beautiful “Prince of Pilsen” is a very dark, solid orange Angora, with glorious amber eyes, very long fur, and handsome plumed tail. He is a very knowing animal, kind and loving to every one, for he thinks that every one is his friend. Oh! that we could all have such faith in one another! — what a lesson a little animal can teach the human family! No matter where this handsome cat is, or what he is doing, when he hears his mistress’s voice, he will go to her with a bound, for he expects to have a good combing, which he enjoys. Another reason why he likes to be groomed is because he is very proud of his good looks and wishes to be admired. When it is meal-time, this titled gentleman will run to a little side-table, and sit there while the family dines. Once in a while he will ask for something, and he is almost certain to receive a dainty “tit-bit,” which he takes in his mouth and goes out to his own dinner-table — a nice clean paper on the kitchen floor. This elegant “Prince” will not be two years old until April 26, 1906, but he has, at this early age, attained many distinctions. He has won three straight first prizes, and eleven specials. He was the center of attraction at the Coliseum Cat Show this winter. He has been exhibited only three times.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### "KEW LADDIE "

"Champion Kew Laddie" was born March 18, 1901, in London, England, and is a deep cream-colored cat, the rich Jersey cream that only real country-folks ever see. He came to America when only nine months old, and at ten months of age he entered the show given by the Beresford



CHAMPION KEW LADDIE

Club, and won first prize in a class of seven. Each year he has gone on winning, until his prizes are innumerable. He is one of the finest cats in America, and his sunny disposition endears him to every one. He has never been known to growl, scratch, or bite, and any one may handle him with



safety; he is just as willing to lie on his back as to be "right side up with care."

On the day after his arrival at his new home, he was asked, as is usual with foreigners, his impressions of the country before he had time to think about them at all, and was held up to the telephone to express them to a waiting friend. They must have been very favorable impressions, for what came to her over the wires was a strong purr-r-r-r. His opinions seem never to have changed, and indeed they should not, for he has received only the most loving care. He has a very sweet way of pressing his face up close to that of his mistress and, in a confidential way, purring to her what are undoubtedly very tender sentiments.

You can see by beautiful "Kew Laddie's" picture that one could not but love him, and further that he commands respect, as shown by the many badges, prizes, and cups, that this splendid cat has won. Does it not make some of you, little boys and girls, stop and think, and wonder what you have done to be worthy of just *one* prize? Of course, animals are not judged from an intellectual or spiritual point of view, as human beings are, so they have their prizes for good points and beauty. I wonder if any one of our little readers can count as many kind deeds done, or kind words spoken in the past five years (the years of "Kew Laddie's" life), as this beautiful and kind cat honestly earned in badges and cups and bestowed upon his mistress for the kindness ever shown him. He certainly has rewarded her for all the trouble and care he may unwillingly have caused. This is March 18th, and as it is the birthday of this famous cat, our Missy called him up on the telephone and said, "Honorable Kew Laddie, Captain Kidd Jr., Colonel Kenwood, and your humble servant (meaning herself), wish to congratulate you upon your fifth birthday, and to wish you many happy returns of the day." The reply of thanks came, "Purr-r-r-r."



“JESSICA KEW”

“Jessica Kew” was “Kew Laddie’s” first little daughter, and you will notice from her tiny picture in the frame, surrounded by her papa’s prizes and cups, that she was a little beauty. This dear



JESSICA KEW

little puss met the same fate as many other darlings. Accidentally a door was closed upon her by the maid and her innocent life taken when she was still a little roll of cream-color loveliness. At her first and only show, where she appeared with her mama, Lady Daffodil, only the wires of the cage-front saved her from having her life lovingly squeezed out of her; for each one of her multitude of admirers “just wanted to take her in their hands a minute.” She is still remembered well, and by those who know about “points” and

such things, her “type,” color, and wonderful coat are recalled as models of what a cream kitten should be. We hope that every one will be careful about animals and



not carelessly injure them, for animals are so very helpless; they need our protection just as little children need the protection of larger people, so you must do all you can to keep animals from suffering from the sad fate of this kitten. We should learn a lesson and be watchful when we have such little creatures in our homes; so, while regretting the loss of this little beauty, we feel that she stands above us, as a beautiful type of gentleness and innocence, and we shall keep in mind and heart the pure, short life of "just a kitten." Oh! that all lives were as free from sin as was the life of this sweet little "Jessica Kew."

#### "CHÉRIE"

Beautiful "Chérie," was born April 26, 1898. Her father was Lockehaven Champion "The Beadle," the grandest blue Persian male brought to America.

"Chérie" closely resembled her father. Cats are all graceful, but when "Chérie" moved you thought of one of the stately ladies who used to dance the minuet with



CHÉRIE (Blue Persian)

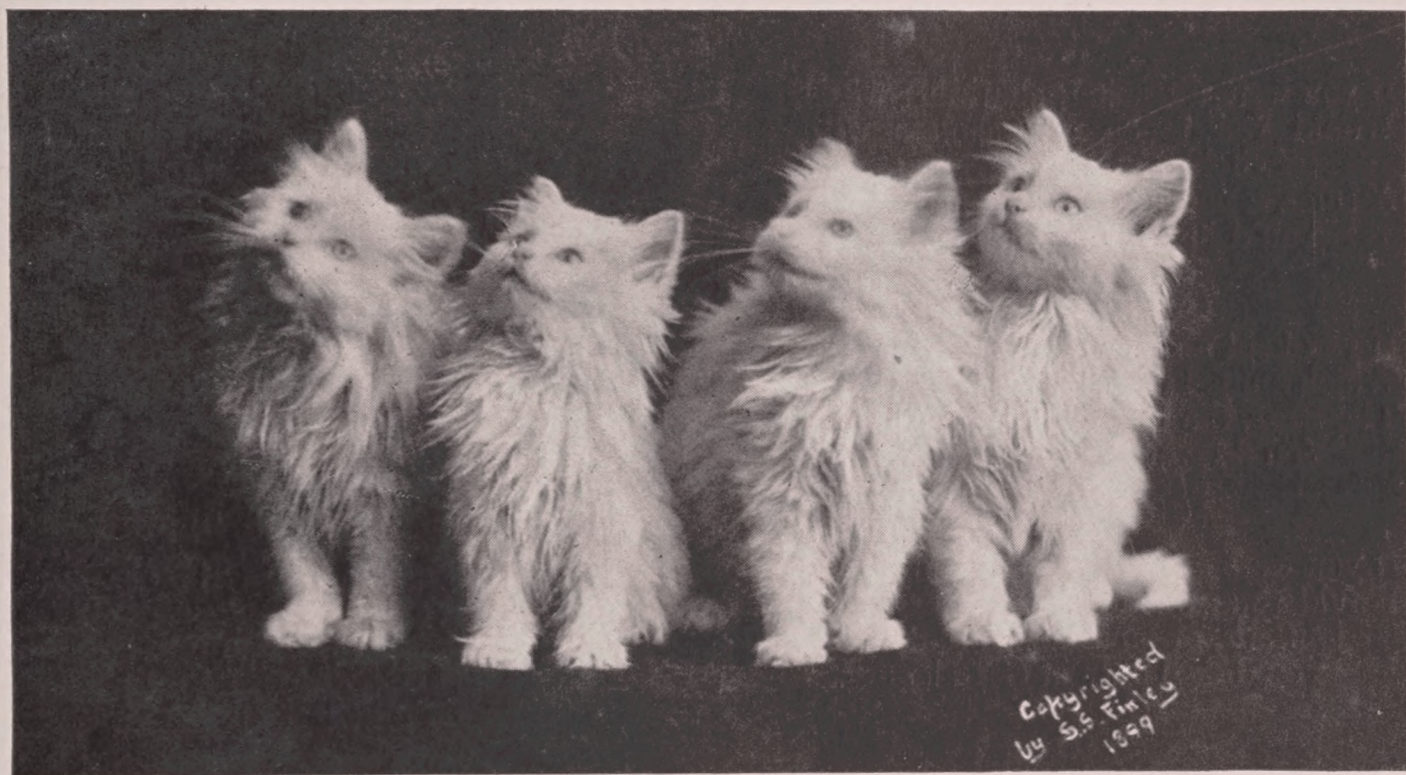


so much grace and dignity. At the first cat show given in Chicago, she won the first prize in her class, and a gold medal, although she was but eight months old. She has left one daughter who is like her in disposition, but who looks like her father, "Silver Chieftain." Lovely "Chérie" shows by her picture all that we have tried to express here, and we all admire this beauty who has left many friends to miss her. "Chérie" certainly had a sweet, gentle face.



## CHAPTER XXIV

These pretty kittens will chant for you the following verses.



LOCKEHAVEN QUARTETTE

### CAT-CALLS

Written for a Purr-Puss, and dedicated to Mrs. A. G. D. Locke, by that passionate admirer of the feline race, her husband.

CLINTON LOCKE.

#### I.

If you were an artist, Della dear,  
Do you think you'd paint the sky so  
clear,  
Or mountain, or forest, or reedy mere?—  
You'd sketch only Cat-aracts.

#### II.

If you were a preacher, precious wife,  
What would you teach of the Gospel of  
Life,  
How would you battle with sin and strife?  
With the simple Cat-echism.



## III.

If you were a doctor, dearest girl,  
 You'd be of all doctors the very pearl,  
 And with envy your rival's lips would  
     curl,  
 At your lovely Cat-aplasms.

## IV.

If you were a lawyer, oh, my own,  
 You'd make a witness sigh and groan,  
 And reduce him to simple skin and bone,  
 With your puzzling Cat-egories.

## V.

If you were a teacher, charming witch,  
 Would you touch up scholars with a  
     switch,  
 A ruler, a paddle, or any "sich"?  
 You'd just lay on the — Cat.

## VI.

If you kept a menagerie, busy one,  
 Which animal would always get the bun,  
 The Bear, the Ostrich, the Mastodon?  
 You'd favor the Cat-amount.

## VII.

If you were a printer, wifey mine,  
 Would you print novels, or essays fine,  
 Or journals, or anything in that line?  
 You'd deal only in Cat-alogues.

## VIII.

If you were a soldier, my heart's delight,  
 It is not with swords and guns you'd fight;  
 You'd scorn these inventions of modern  
     might,  
 And use only the Cat-apult.

## IX.

If you were a cook, O woman rare,  
 It is not for desserts and "entrees" you'd  
     care,  
 You would to perfection all things prepare,  
 But nothing would beat your Cat-sup

## X.

If you were a florist, O sweetest face,  
 You'd plant all over your pretty place,  
 Not roses, nor lilies, nor herbs of grace,  
 But that loud-smelling weed, Cat-nip

## XI.

If you were a player, mistress mine,  
 Why would you think a 'cello fine,  
 Why would your fiddle appear divine?  
     Because it is strung with Cat-gut.

## XII.

If you were a traveler, A. G. D.,  
 What are the towns you'd hie to see,  
 Pekin or Paris or Trin-co-ma-lee?  
     You'd sail straight away to Kat-wyk.

## XIII.

If you were a botanist, Mrs. Locke,  
 Paddled in marshes and muddied your  
     frock,  
 What would you struggle to add to your  
     stock?  
 That child of the wet, Cat-tail.

## XIV.

If you were a singer, sweet-voiced one,  
 In what line would your singing be done,  
 In serious odes or in songs of fun?  
     You'd sing only Magnifi-cat.

## XV.

If you were a sailor, Captain mine,  
 Where would you swing your hammock  
     fine,  
 On board a steamer of Cunard line?  
     Oh no, on a little Cat-boat.

## XVI.

If you were an architect, lady great,  
 What would you try to delineate,  
 A castle, a villa, a house of state?  
     You'd plan only Cat-hedrals.

## XVII.

If you were in politics, clever wife,  
 With all that plotting, a restless life,  
 You might be worsted in many a strife,  
     But you'd never be a Cats-paw.

## XVIII.

If you had an illness, oh may it not be,  
 T'would be neither ague, nor pleurisy,  
 Nor smallpox, nor fever, nor housemaid's  
     knee,  
 But a very annoying Cat-arrh.



## XIX.

If you were dying, my consort true,  
And were telling us how to bury you,  
You would say as the finis nearer grew,  
Put me in a Cat-acomb.

## ENVOY.

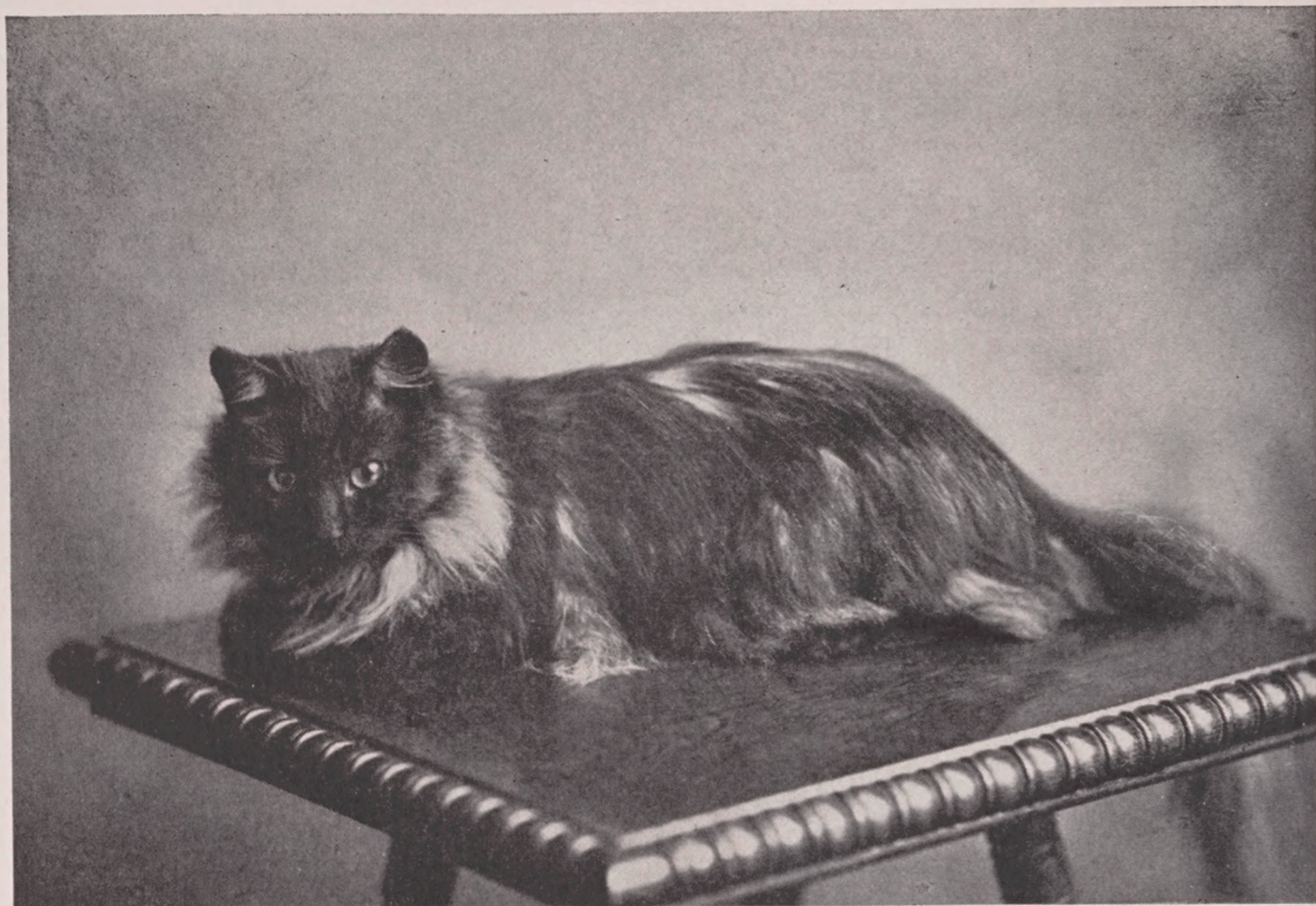
And when we'd walled you in, my dear,  
And finished with all that,  
We'd wipe our weeping eyes, and say,  
She's gone, "Requies-Cat."

Through the kindness of Mrs. Locke these verses are contributed which will be enjoyed by the older people who read this book, and by those who knew the beloved pastor of Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago, the revered Dr. Clinton Locke; we hope it will add another tender memory of this noble rector's life and his fondness for animals.

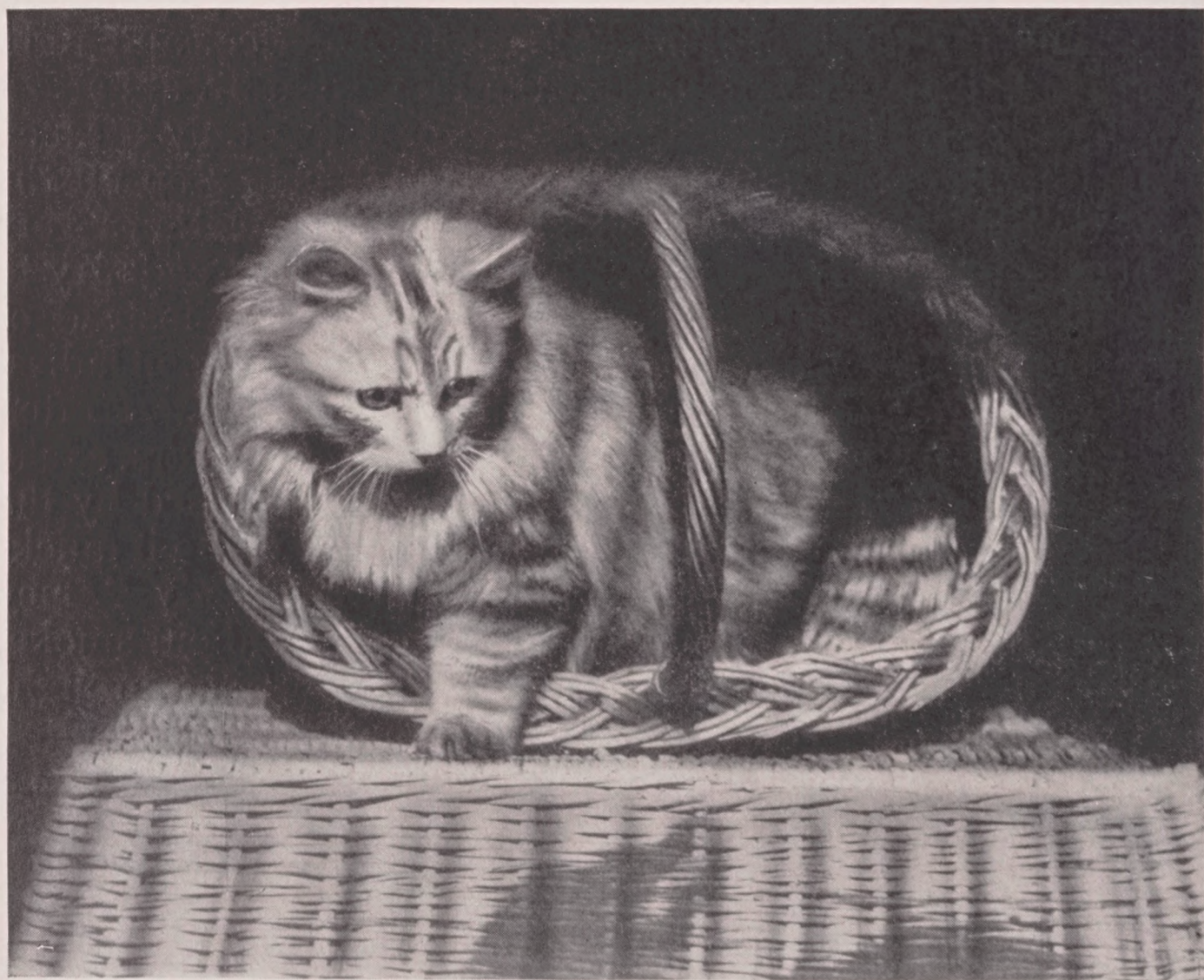
## "CHAMPION LUCY CLAIRE"

Notice how dignified, and watchful Madam "Lucy Claire" appears to be. What an elegant dress she has on, of changeable smoke color, with a very heavy white boa around her dainty neck; she knows that she has twice been granted the title of "Champion" also that the papers said that she was the best "smoke" cat in America, and right here, I want to tell you that I, Captain Kidd Jr. am also a very, very smoked cat sometimes, for I live only a block from the Illinois Central Railroad, and I help stop all the smoke that their engines expel, so I am sometimes very much in style. By the way, why do not the railroads try to stop this smoke nuisance? Were I a big man instead of just a cat, I'd show them how, for it is a shame to spoil ladies' white hats, and the housewives' parlor curtains. I often hear our Missy say that she is going on the street cars, as she does not wish to get her white dress and hat ruined by the car-smoke. Won't somebody do something and do it quickly? We are so glad that our little friend, Lady "Lucy Claire" has given us this opportunity to speak about smoke, but she did not get her smoke from Chicago; she brought it here from England. You may have heard of the London fog, well, that, mixed with the London smoke, made her a permanent "smoke" cat while I am just a temporary





LUCY CLAIRE



CLAIREMONT



“smoke.” “Lucy” is her pet name, and our Missy said that to see her sitting for her picture one would think her a model, and an adept on posing, but she adds that “looks deceive,” for Lucy dear was the hardest subject in the way of a cat that she ever tried to take. Fair Lucy spoiled six plates, and absolutely refused to show her face. In one picture she turned her back, in another she walked off the plate and “left her tail behind her,” in another, she shut her eyes and shook herself, so that she was as large as two cats; in another, she stretched her head so far in front of her that she had only one side of her face on the negative, then, she thought that she would make a face, which she did, and you could not tell where her ears began or her mouth ended; she looked as if she had tried to swallow her own head, so, with the variety of plates spoiled, our Missy gave up the ambition which she had to conquer, and accepted this good picture of her taken by a real, live photographer. But do not think that sweet Lucy is always so anxious to have her picture taken. She is a darling, however, and one of the finest cats in this country. She is eight years old. We have just read in a journal that “Champion Lucy Claire” has won five points towards a third championship, and it is said that no other cat has conquered so many points towards a third championship. But Lucy does not seem to think it any trick at all, and when you visit her she walks about with a consequential air, but she is also very polite and gentle.

#### “CLAIREMONT”

See this little bundle of loveliness, how our Missy did like to squeeze him, when she was planning to take his picture, which she did take as you can see in this photograph. “Clairemont” is a most beautiful “silver” puss, just six months old, very large, and with an exceptional coat of soft silky silver. This Mr. Puss is so gentle and so willing to be cuddled that one falls in love with him at first sight; he ap-



pears to be very smart also, and he will make a lovely pet. He is a son of the great "Champion Argent Splendour." When our Missy was taking his picture, he talked to her all the time, in soft, coaxing purr-r-r-rs.

### "JOY" AND "SORROW"



JOY AND SORROW

Did you ever see such a cunning picture as this? I think it is about the dearest I have ever seen, and I am only a cat. Well! just to think that each one looks exactly like its name; that is more than I can grasp. Look at little "Sorrow," he resembles a black sorrow in color and in expression of face; then, look at his little partner, the laughing kitten, named "Joy," and see if his face does not spell joy. He really smiles, and says to his little sorrowing partner, "Sorrow not, for if you will only look for it, as I do, you will find *joy* everywhere, the world is full of

brightness if you will only do your part to send forth rays of light." Our Missy loves this picture and says that the little



happy mouth of "Joy" looks "sweet enough to kiss." Don't be shocked, good friends who do not love animals, but they are two darlings. Laughter is gold to the weary, and laughter and happy words and thoughts are better sometimes than medicine in a sick room. Remember the story told here by two wee kittens, and choose for your life "Joy," but in your joy do not forget to make little "Sorrow" happy; then you will be blessed.

"CHAMPION LUPIN" (Valued at \$1,000)

"Champion Lupin" is a magnificent blue Persian, born in London, England, September 25, 1899, and he was imported in January, 1900. His father was named "Romald-kirk Midshipmite," and his mother was "Daisy Bell." The honorable "Lupin" has won thirty first prizes and specials, nine medals, and three silver cups; he has never been beaten in competition and has been best cat in show, on four occasions. He is very fond of posing. Although "Champion Lupin" might smile upon some other fair lass, when his own little wife "Melrose Lassie" is near he never looks at another cat, and should he be compelled to do so we feel sure that he would look with his eyes shut; he is an example of loyalty. He is valued at one thousand dollars. Her ladyship, "Melrose Lassie," is very pretty, and equally fine as her distinguished lord; both have grand coats, and the charming lassie has wonderful eyes, so large and expressive — she certainly is a bewitching little lady.



CHAMPION LUPIN



## CHAPTER XXV

“CHAMPION HAMISH” (Hamish is Scotch for James.)

“Champion Hamish” was imported in January, 1901, when just a year old, and had already won the distinction of having beaten all the noted cats of his breed in England. His rise was meteoric, he having successfully defeated,



CHAMPION HAMISH

at Slough and Manchester, “Torrington Sunnysides,” “Torrington Rufus,” “Romaldkirk Minotaur,” “Prince of Orange,” and many others. At the last place, the preference, in a close finish, was given to “The King’s Own” cat, but the winning was criticised, and at Brighton, “Hamish” turned the tables on this cat and again won easily. It was only through the efforts of the owner of one of his rivals that his present owner was enabled to purchase him, at what then was considered a high price for a cat. In this country he has

justified the esteem in which he was held, by continuing to win at Chicago, Evanston, Joliet, and Cleveland. “Champion Hamish” has won seven first prizes, eight challenge cups, and the National Cat Club cup for Orange Champion outright. Four of this famous cat’s little children have



their names on the cup for Orange Champion; they are, "Kephren," "Radames," "Marigold," and "Edgar," and his descendants now have thirty-one first prizes, eighteen cups, and fourteen championships. "Hamish" has no peer for type and coat, and he holds the Smith Cup for these qualities. He is a beautiful orange-colored cat, and with all this, he has performed quite a wonderful feat for a cat, by having his picture taken holding on to such a small pedestal, so you see even a pedigreed cat can do smart tricks. His dear tootsies we can see under his beautiful ruff of long hair. I think he knows that he is handsome.

### "CHAMPION ANGUS"

(Angus is a Scotch Proper Name.)

"Champion Angus" was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Now, that is the state where I, Captain Kidd



CHAMPION ANGUS



Jr., was born, so I am very much interested in this great cat. He is a son of "Champion Hamish" and "Lady



CHAMPION MIDSHIPMITE (Cream) Darlington, England

Thistledown." He has always been the best blue Persian in the show at which he has been exhibited, and last year he scored the highest of any cat both in Cleveland



and in Chicago. He holds the world's record as Champion under a year old, which was formerly held by "Champion Johnnie Fawe" of England, a black Persian. He won first championship and cups for best blue cat in type and eyes, at the National Independent Consolidated Cat Show, January 5, 1906. "Champion Angus" has eight first prizes and nine cups, and has been eight times the best blue in show, and has won the Owen Cup outright; this means that no other cat helped him to win it; he scored all the points himself. Bravo! Blue cats are usually lacking in style or coat, but this splendid fellow has no superior. "Champion Angus" is of gentle disposition and little Gile Story leads him all about the show with a long ribbon.

#### "CHAMPION MIDSHIPMITE"

"Champion Midshipmite" is a cream Englishman, who has won 100 first prizes, and he is so well known that we have been given no particular account of him, as cat lovers are supposed to know "his highness." He lives at Darlington, England. We admired his satisfied pose, so we asked for his picture. He looks as if he were saying to the other cats: "After you have won 100 prizes you will be so accustomed to praise that you will lose all your conceit; I know I'm real nice but I am not going to spoil my reputation by showing it in my face." That is good sense, I think.

#### "BENT ANAT"

"Bent Anat," the rescued cat, who was taken in and cared for by the kind gentleman who lives with these famous cats at the Ravenswood Cattery, is a short-hair cat, a wonderful red tabby, and is thought by some to equal the celebrated "Belle of Bradford," who formerly lived in England. This is a darling cat, and we appreciate the kindness of the owners of this celebrated Cattery,



with their beauties of royal ancestry, in caring for a stray puss. As we understand, some one did not want this little kitten, so, knowing that the gentleman here was humane to all animals, he placed it in the kind man's



“BENT ANAT” (EGYPTIAN PRINCESS)

yard, and the kitten could not have found a better home. We cats think that the world should be made of just such men; then there would not be so much abuse of animals, and the world at large would be better. This fortunate cat is beautifully marked with stripes of orange, or red, as some call her color, and she is very pretty.

#### “CHAMPION PRINCE OF ORANGE”

“Champion Prince of Orange” has the distinction of being the *first* Champion Orange cat in America. He is the winner of five first prizes, and many specials, two silver medals, two silver cups, cut glass prizes, and many



pieces of painted china. From all these prizes, one would think that he was a lady-cat, who attended card parties, and was a prize-winner. But no! he is a handsome gentleman, very popular, and of great refinement. His favorite dishes are beefsteak, fried liver, fish, chowder,



CHAMPION PRINCE OF ORANGE

raw oysters, and fried onions. He is the only cat that I ever knew of who would eat onions. This charming pet is very fond of children and ladies, especially young and pretty ones, and being very affectionate, everybody loves him. He shows his good taste again by selecting "American Beauties" for his favorite flowers.



This renowned Prince has distinguished himself in a feat which is rather extraordinary among his feline friends. He owns a sixteen-foot tower, which he climbs; and he enjoys sitting under a parasol, which covers the top; for in this way he has a view of great Chicago, and can find out a little about his neighbors.

But, children, this famous cat not only enjoys the best of life, but helps others as well. Every year his mistress gives a benefit, or, what is written on the invitations, the "Prince of Orange Kitten Show," and music is rendered, and an afternoon and evening of pleasure is given those who are willing to help others in this way, for the proceeds are donated to charity.

Right here our Missy wants to say that people think that too much time is devoted to the pets, but she says that the people who have the time to spend in this way are those who give time and money to the poor, for they get up entertainments for the benefit of children and animals; so the "pampered pets," as some people call them, often are instrumental in benefiting the poor and needy, for this money that is derived from these exhibitions is devoted to charity.

"Champion Prince of Orange" is a patriot also, and flies the American flag on the top of his tower. He has flags presented to him, and as soon as one is badly torn by the winds, he places another above his home. Is this not an example of the loyalty of his mistress? Should she not be the possessor of an animal, when she can educate at the same time children by proving her love for our beautiful Star Spangled Banner? We admire beautiful Prince of Orange and his mistress for their devotion to their flag. Our Missy wishes that every child loved his flag so much that he or she would have one hanging in the home; for, there is no painting so beautiful, nor wall decoration so lovely as our glorious Star Spangled Banner.



## CHAPTER XXVI

### "CHAMPION HAWTHORNE"

"Champion Hawthorne" is a magnificent black Persian, born May 8, 1902; so he will be four years old next moving time. His father was named "Black Thorn," and his dear mama "Lady Maude Jennings." He has won nine first prizes, many specials, and four silver cups outright.

This beautiful black cat has undoubtedly traveled more miles and has attended more shows than any other cat in this country; and, of course, he has always received his full share of praise and admiration. He has been exhibited in New York, Rochester, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, Joliet, and Chicago, winning his first prize ribbon in the novice class here in 1902.

We have not been informed of his specialties, but feel sure that such an intelligent-looking cat must have many.

It is very hard to get a good picture of a black cat; so the photographer of this picture certainly deserves credit; our Missy thinks it very fine, and she knows, for she has almost made us poor trying to photograph animals.



CHAMPION HAWTHORNE



As we have only two black cats to adorn our book, we feel very grateful to "Champion Hawthorne" for favoring us, and we think that he is so handsome that more should have been written about him; but his mistress was very modest about praising him; however, he is famous and many people know more about him than we do; I know that I heard our Missy say that she felt as if she would love to "squeeze him, and to look into his wonderfully expressive eyes." We are inclined to call him an astronomer, for he looks as though he might be studying the stars, especially the asteroid Juno, trying to find out from this small planet what influence she exerts over his own little wife, "Juno."

#### "CHAMPION JUNGFRAU BARTIMEAUS"

"Champion Bartimeaus" is a splendid white Persian puss, with brilliant, golden-eyes; his coat is exceptionally heavy, and his tail a plume of rare beauty. He has won the following:

First in class, and best white cat in show, Detroit, 1901.

V. H. C., Beresford Cat Club Show, 1902, Chicago;

V. H. C. means "Very highly commended."

First in class, name on Challenge cup, and best cat in show, B. C. C., Chicago, 1903.

First in class, and winner of Challenge cup B. C. C. Show, Chicago, 1904.

First in class, and made champion at Milwaukee, March, 1905.

Handsome "Bartimeaus" is a great pet with his mistress; he has been allowed to have his liberty day and night. If he is in a yard or across the street and his mistress calls "Bartie," he will come with a bound to her arms. He is extremely intelligent. If he wishes the door opened, he reaches up and rattles the knob. Having his freedom, and the privilege of the entire house, "Bartie" has become



a decided pet, and "Monarch of all he surveys." When you look at his picture, and gaze upon those expressive eyes, you will see that he knows nothing but kind treatment, and that he is posing on purpose to please his mistress. He knows that he is admired, and prides himself on keeping his face clean and his hair combed. My little brother Kenny just said to me, "Tid dear, vat mates his whisters



CHAMPION JUNGFRAU BARTIMEAUS

so long on his ears?" I could not answer him, so he lisped, "His whisters are londer on his ears den your whisters are on your mouf." I never replied, for I saw by the picture that it was so, and my feelings were hurt. I should like "Champion Bartimeaus'" heavy uniform in the winter time, but in summer I think that I prefer more on the bathing-suit style.

Our Missy says that this cat is wonderfully beautiful, and that every one admires and respects "Champion Jungfrau Bartimeaus."



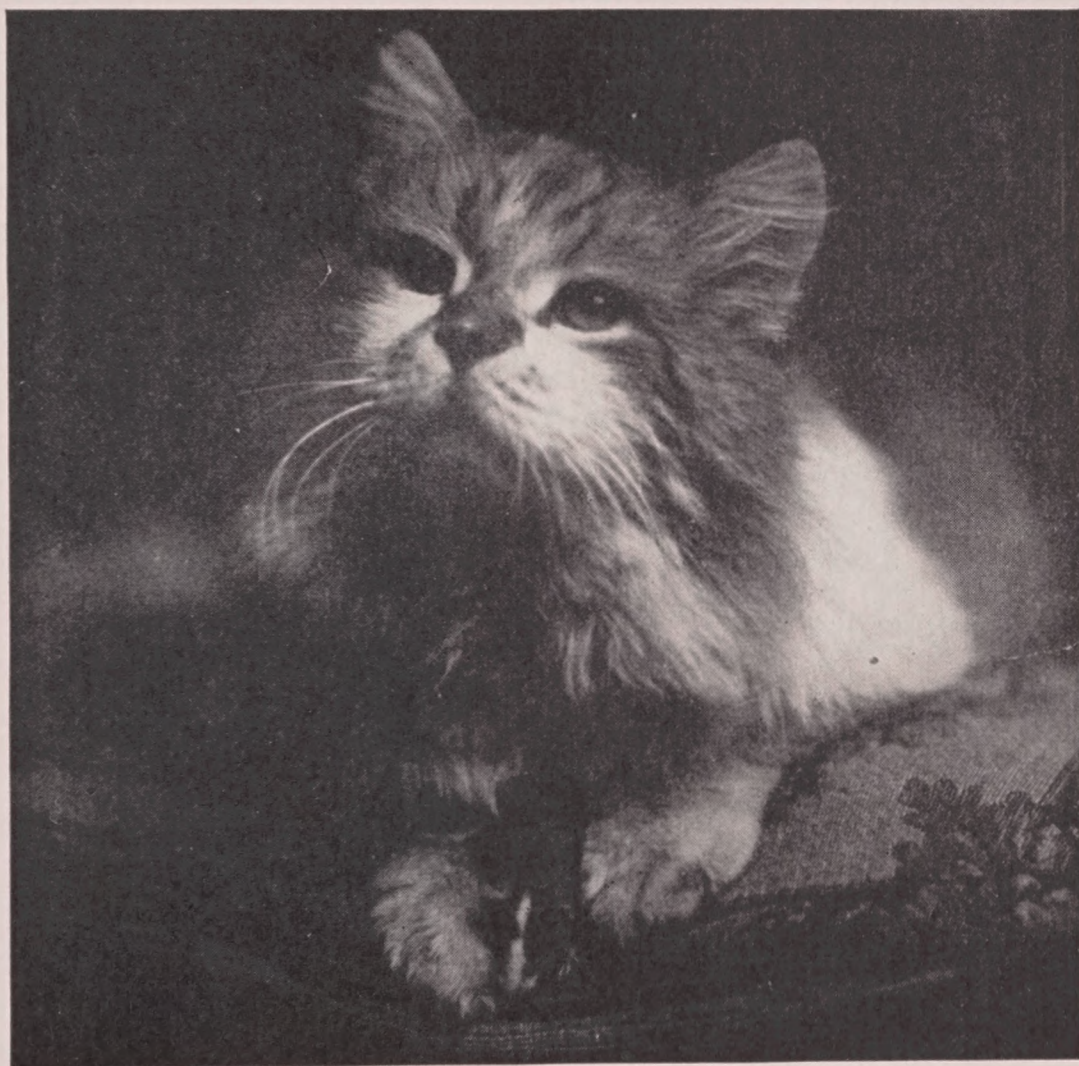
## CHAPTER XXVII

### “PRINCE OF PERSIA ”

“Prince of Persia” is the proud possessor of a delightful home, and presides in kingly splendor over the Virginia Kennels. This well equipped establishment is in Buena Park; it is a twenty-by-eighteen-foot house, well lighted, and sanitary. Pictures cover the walls, rugs are on the floor, and it is not only a gay home for the prize Persians that occupy it, but serves also as a club room for “The Vigilance Club” of the Anti-Cruelty Society. This noble society of boys is indeed worthy of praise, and their officers (women who give much time to the cause), deserve no end of credit; as it is through these workers that our city is benefited, for they look after abused and homeless animals and have provided this humane refuge so that cats and dogs may be taken here and protected. When they find men abusing horses the drivers are reported, fined, and if proved cruel, often lose their places; and they deserve such treatment if they abuse the noble horse. The present refuge for cats and dogs is now at 459 Division Street, on the north side of Chicago, but it is hoped that the south side will be considerate and open a similar refuge there. This beautiful “Prince of Persia” is an orange-and-white cat, thirteen years old. He came from England when five years of age with his present owners, and is greatly endeared to them. He is a strange mixture of savagery and gentleness. No cat can come near him and live. This distinguished gentleman has taken many prizes, but has now retired to private life. When he does not like what is being done for him he bites, and has been so ungrateful as to bite his kind mistress, still with the



tiny Himalayan mice which live in the cage with him he is gentle and is a loving friend. When exhibited at shows he would have as many as a dozen of these pretty little mice cuddling in his soft fur, and attracting much attention. These mice are very rare in this country; they are somewhat smaller than house mice — yellow, blue, and black in color.



PRINCE OF PERSIA (With his pet mouse)

As savage as this splendid “Prince” is with other cats, he is like a gentle mother with these tiny mice. One of his pet mice was taken sick and was expected to die, and as “Prince” was ill with pneumonia at the time, the little pet mouse was taken away from him. As the mouse did not improve, the mistress placed him with his old friend “Prince”



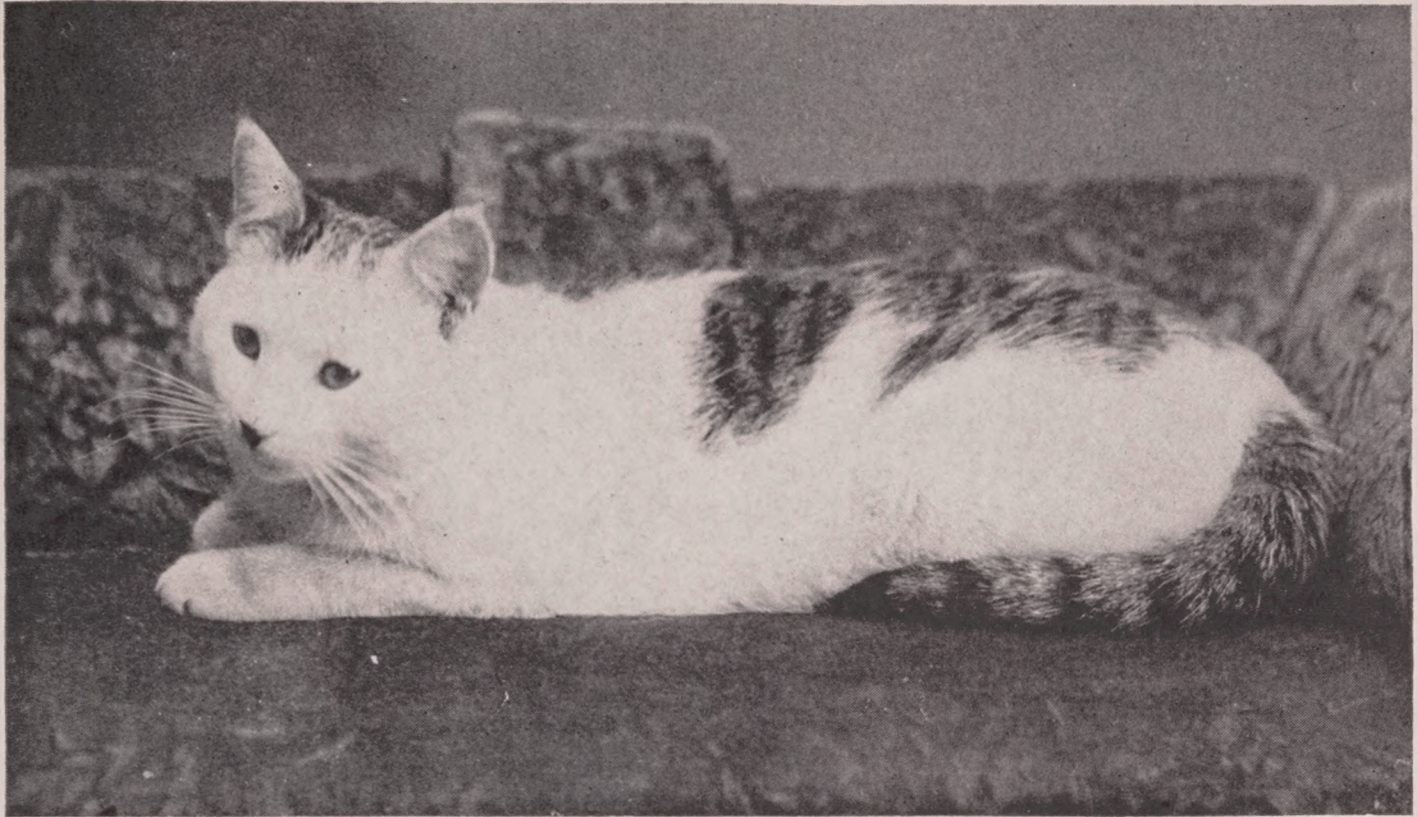
and he began to recover at once, and took some milk. He had not eaten for days, and it was all from homesickness and longing for his big, brave, gentle friend "Prince." The little mouse would cover up his food with the cotton bedding in his cage, but would not eat a mouthful until he was taken back to his dear protector. These mice are small, with long satiny tails, and this one was jet black with four white spots on his back, so he was named "Four of Clubs" and became a favorite with his foster-parent. This picture of beautiful "Prince of Persia" holding his pet mouse, "Lady Jane" (who came from England three years ago) so carefully between his large paws we consider one of the best subjects for a picture of animals that has ever been taken. Although very savage with other cats and dogs, "Prince" by caring for the helpless smaller animals evinces a disposition to be humane.

Another peculiar thing about this cat is, that he will trot along in the street like a dog, led by a chain attached to his real dog-collar. Because of his ferocious nature he has been called "the second Prince of Lincoln Park" (the *Prince* of Lincoln Park is the handsome lion). Although this celebrated animal is very dignified, he was obliged to attend the Christmas tree celebration in a parrot cage at his house. We will tell you about this Christmas tree later, but now we bid adieu to the handsome "Prince of Persia."

#### "LITTLE SMIKIE"

This is a little cat with short hair, gray and white; she is the smallest full-grown cat of her kind that I have ever seen. If any one lays a hand on her mistress, she will step up and slap that person quickly, and shake the offender's garments. She is a grand jumper, and can jump almost as high as a greyhound. "Smike" also shakes hands, and does many tricks. She makes faces at poor "Prince" when he is brought, in a parrot cage, once a year to the Christmas tree.





SMIKIE



YOU YOU



## "LITTLE YOU-YOU"

"Little You-You" is the pet of this household, a baby-faced, blue-and-white Persian pussy; he is called little, but he weighs eighteen pounds. He has a pair of boxing gloves and will sit on his hind legs and spar until his contestant is tired out; he owns a red wheelbarrow and any thing that he finds, he puts into it. He eats his meals on his red chair. "You-You" receives careful instruction from his big brother, "Ponney," so he spends his life imitating the large brother whom he so much admires.

## "MR. PONNEY COPELAND"

This aristocratic gentleman is the largest cat in this happy family. He is twelve years old and weighs twenty-five pounds. "Ponney" or "Mr. Ponney" (as he prefers to be addressed), is a handsome black Persian, imported from England; he is as gentle as "Prince" is fierce; he has won many first prizes, medals, and specials. Our friend "Ponney" is almost human in his understanding. Each Christmas the cats have a large Christmas tree; it is called "Ponney's tree" and he is the one who sits up, dressed in a high white collar and red tie and with a tight hand-shake bids every poor child welcome, gravely watching each receive the gifts. This is the time when poor "Prince" has his dignity humbled, for he is obliged to attend the festivities, shut up in a parrot cage. He also is dressed in a white collar and necktie and watches the happy crowd, but he cannot join in the fun as he is opposed to associating with other cats. When a young mouse is lost, all that has to be said to "Ponney" is "find that mouse," and, be it hours or days, he will finally bring the mouse carefully in his mouth to his mistress. He is so intelligent that he can do any trick. His most singular habit is that on every seventh night he changes his sleeping place, that is, he usurps a different bed every seventh night, from the bed of his mistress to the best chair in the parlor,



then to a soft rug on the floor and so on; he seems to think that a decided change of bed and bedding is his weekly duty. How he can count the seven days no one knows, but he is very systematic in this peculiarity. When "Ponney" is asked which kind of meat he wishes, he will place his paw



MR. PONNEY COPELAND

on the one he prefers, and refuse the other. Our mistress says that this family of prize-winners is the most interesting that she has seen in the pedigree class of cats, for she still maintains that the little street-tramp animals and children are the smartest; and that brings me into the story again, for she told some person, and I heard it, that Capt. Kidd Jr. was the smartest cat that she ever knew. I do not tell



you this because I am conceited, only I want to impress upon your mind that YOU are the dearest, smartest little boy or girl in the world because your mama said so, and that is the way it should be in life; our parents should think the best of us and we, in return, should think our mama, papa, and little brothers and sisters the dearest and best in the world. And by observing their good points, and noting our own bad ones, we shall have solved the problem of a happy household. We heard our Missy say that she had the distinction and pleasure of drinking tea out of a real prize cup, won by beautiful "Ponney Copeland;" it was made of silver and has his name engraved on it. So you see even cats have their "afternoon teas." Should any of you, little children, wish to help the cause of the Anti-Cruelty Society, you may send money direct to the number given you in this chapter and it will be greatly appreciated, but if you cannot, you will be doing as great an act of kindness if you befriend some homeless animal in your own city or town. In this home of handsome, pampered cats, it is pleasing to know that any stray cat which comes to the house is taken in and fed by the good mistress, and the pet cats stand by and permit it to eat before they themselves have anything. Of course, dear "Prince" is the exception, but we can forgive him, for he is so kind to his tiny friends, the mice. "Mr. Ponney Copeland" is so large he looks like a dog in size, but he is very handsome and lovable.

"DOROTHY"

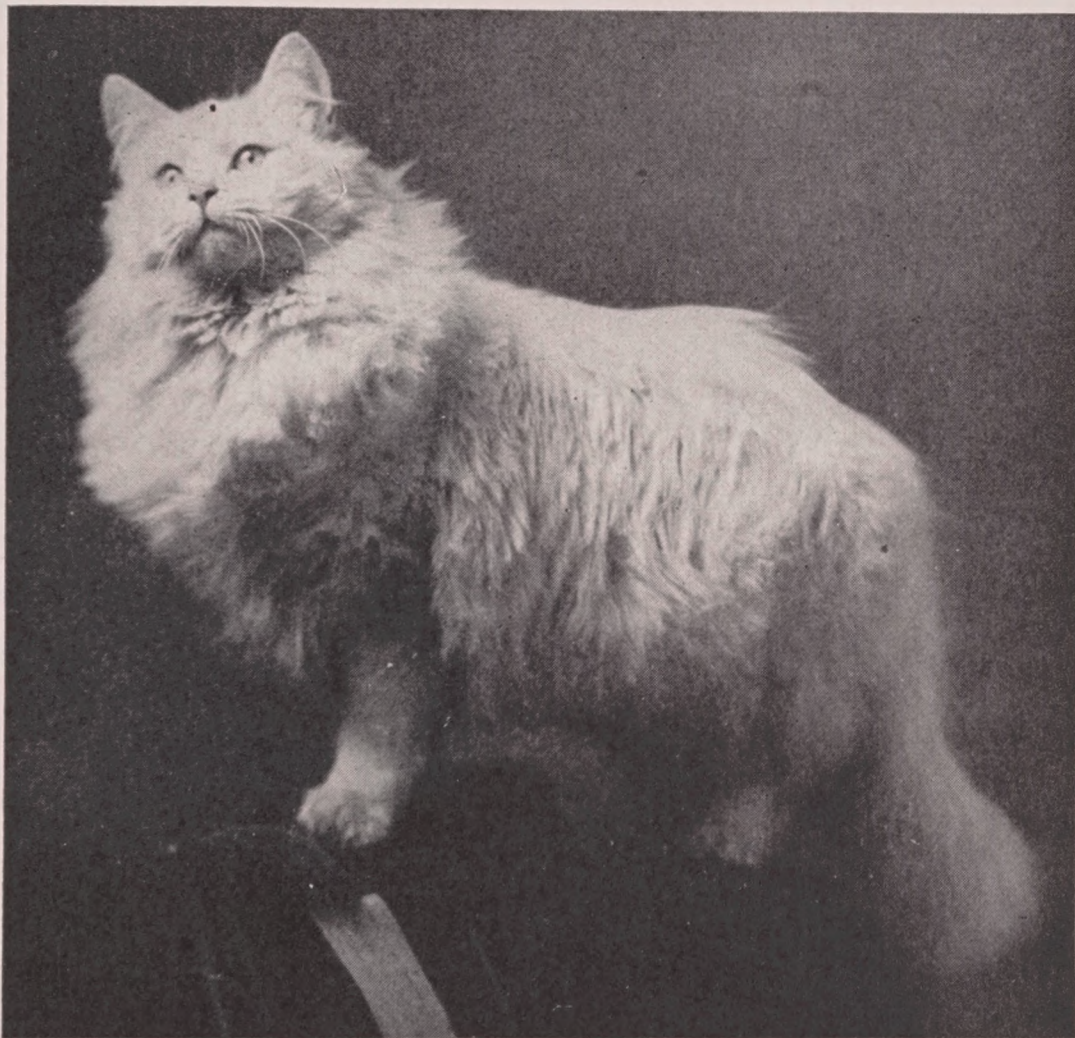
This happy family would not be complete without the charming three-year-old white Persian, with the beautiful blue eyes. Although this little lady is deaf, she finds great enjoyment in her shadow play. As soon as the lights are burning, she will begin her artistic dances about the floor and will gracefully catch at the shadows upon the walls. She spends her evenings in this very unusual way, but delighting her spectators with her graceful and dainty antics in this original Shadow Play.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### "CHAMPION MAID OF AVENEL"

This beautiful, white, blue-eyed, one-year-and-a-half-old pussy is, indeed, one of the greatest prize-winners of the day.



CHAMPION MAID OF AVENEL

She has won seven cups, and has in all twenty-seven prizes. She is said to be the only female who has defeated both male and female, and is now entitled to the honorable title of Champion.



First prize, one cup, and two specials in 1904, Chicago National Cat Club.

First prize, two cups, Championship, and special, Evanston Show, 1905.

First prize, two cups, Championship, and special, Joliet Show.

First prize, one cup, Championship, and two specials, Chicago, 1906, N. C. C.

First prize, one cup and Championship, and four specials, Joliet, 1906.

In this Chicago Cat Show she defeated thirty-three white cats. If she gets two more "wins" she will be a "double-champion." This young lady prize-winner is the granddaughter of the famous "Duchess of Argyle," who presides over a neat little home, in the suburb by that name. Her house is painted yellow and has diamond-shaped windows in it, so that plenty of sunshine may enter, and in that way keep the home and inhabitants healthy. In this little home for well-cared-for cats, there are white netting curtains at the windows and carpets on the floor. Although the "Duchess" has "tendered the palm" to her granddaughter, she still thinks that *she* is entitled to as much praise as the little maid; she says "that styles change with generations, and that when she was a reigning belle, the style was perfect symmetry of figure," so she won her prizes on her shape when in style; "But now," she says, (looking at her champion granddaughter with a slightly contemptuous expression) "the style is of the modern day for Miss Pussy; she must be up-to-date by possessing a short body, short sawed-off legs, short tail, short pug nose, and a tiny head, with a few other necessary points. My grand-daughter, Champion Maid of Avenel, is a perfect illustration of the modern reigning belle of the polite cat society." The "Duchess" often tells her that she should now retire from public life since she has won for herself the title of Champion. Of course, we know that



that title belongs to the men, but times have changed, and as the "new woman" has usurped many titles, which are the especial property of the abused men, it is only fair that the animals should have the same rights.

"Maid of Avenel's" grandfather was "Paris," and her mother's name was "Fanchon," and her father was "Kitsie." As far as is known, the "Maid of Avenel" is the only little white lady who has won the title of Champion. She is indeed a beauty, and a perfect woman, for she "rides a hobby" as all true women should do. Notice her picture — she is standing on her "hobby."

#### "WHITE FRIAR JUNIOR"

"White Friar Junior" came across the Atlantic Ocean with his lovely mother, "Madam White-Lilac," in 1901. He has what is known as "odd" eyes. That is, one eye is bright blue while the other is golden in color. His mother has two beautiful golden eyes, and his father, who came from the Orient to England, has blue eyes; so you see that their heir resembles both. When you look at his golden eye, you catch a family resemblance to his dear mama, and when you look at his blue eye, he is "his father's own son." In the Orient, this freak of nature is considered something extraordinary, and the animal with "odd eyes" is regarded as sacred, and not to be purchased. A lady traveled in the Orient and tried to procure one of these peculiar cats for a gift to send home. The natives would sell the blue or the golden-eyed cats, but refused to listen to any offer of money for an "odd-eyed" cat; they could not be tempted to part with these treasures. The natives hold these "odd-eyed" cats in almost superstitious reverence. This Junior's father was "Champion White Friar" of England, and he is a beautiful, blue-eyed Persian, with perfect hearing, which is not always the case with white, blue-eyed, long-haired cats, for many of



them are deaf. Our Missy says that she has heard so much said about blue-eyed cats being deaf, if of a fine pedigreed class, that she had almost become convinced that the assertions were true, but of late years she has known of several other fine, blue-eyed Angora cats that could hear as well as any other animal, and cat fanciers have also said the same. We shall hope that all the blue-eyed pussies will have the sense of hearing in the future.



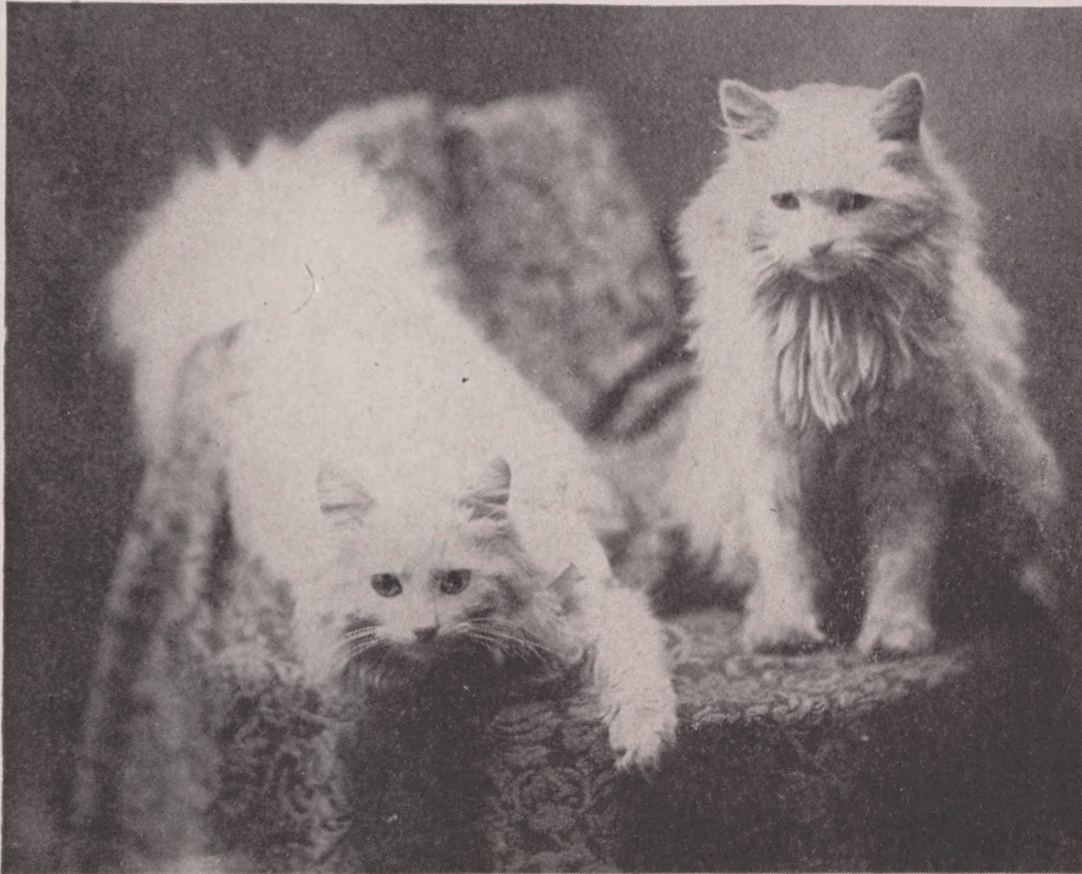
WHITE FRIAR JR.

Our story really would have been greatly at fault had we failed to entertain at least one good "friar," so we rejoice in presenting to you such an innocent and distinguished "monk" as is our "White Friar Junior." His body-coat measures  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches in the longest places, and this, with his plume, which is something like an ostrich feather, are his chief attractions. This tail-plume measures twelve inches across.



## "WHITE LILAC"

This bewitching little lady has been nicknamed "The Peacemaker," also "Mutterchen," which is German for "little mother." How can we help loving even a cat who is entitled to such endearing names! This lady-like puss



WHITE LILAC AND KITTEN

refuses to quarrel or to allow any other quarreling in the cattery. She has a queer little distressed cry that she gives, apparently as a warning. If the guilty ones refuse to listen to her, she breaks in, regardless of the size of the "fussers;" and the strange part is that the trouble stops, and all is serene once more. She is gentle, and her authority is never questioned in her part of the world. Not only is this beautiful cat a peacemaker, but she is a true mother. A poor little alley kitten, weakened by



starvation, was brought to her present mistress by some kind-hearted children. The kitten refused all food, seeming too young to know how to eat, and as a last resort to save the wee sufferer's life, it was placed with "Mother Lilac" and her five tiny babies. Good "little mother" washed the kitten's dirty coat, and comforted it, showing much marked sympathy and care for the little stranger. It was an interesting and pathetic sight to see the puny alley kitten, snuggled up to his kind foster-mother, and receiving as good attention as did her own five dainty, fluffy, white aristocratic darlings. What a lesson she has taught other animals, and should teach every man, woman, and child. Bless this "little mother," and may her reward be everlasting.

#### "MISTER WU"

This young Chinaman has never had his picture taken, but the family would feel slighted if we made no reference to him. "Mister Wu" is a cream-colored kitten, and has just about the right olive complexion, according to Oriental standards. His eyes are real coppery brown. He is called "The Celestial," and sometimes "The Heathen;" so we can guess that "Mister Wu" does not attend church. However, as he is still very young, we shall hope that he may reform in this respect. We also hope that when we write the sequel to this book — after our trip to California — we shall be able to present you with a picture of his highness, for by that time he will probably have been able to sit still long enough to have his photograph taken. We have not heard whether his favorite dish is "Chop Suey," but we have our suspicions that it is. This young Chinaman is very clever. He shakes hands with his mistress and usually kisses her hand while doing so, although his purring effusiveness at the time is not truly Oriental. We shall watch with interest the growth of this

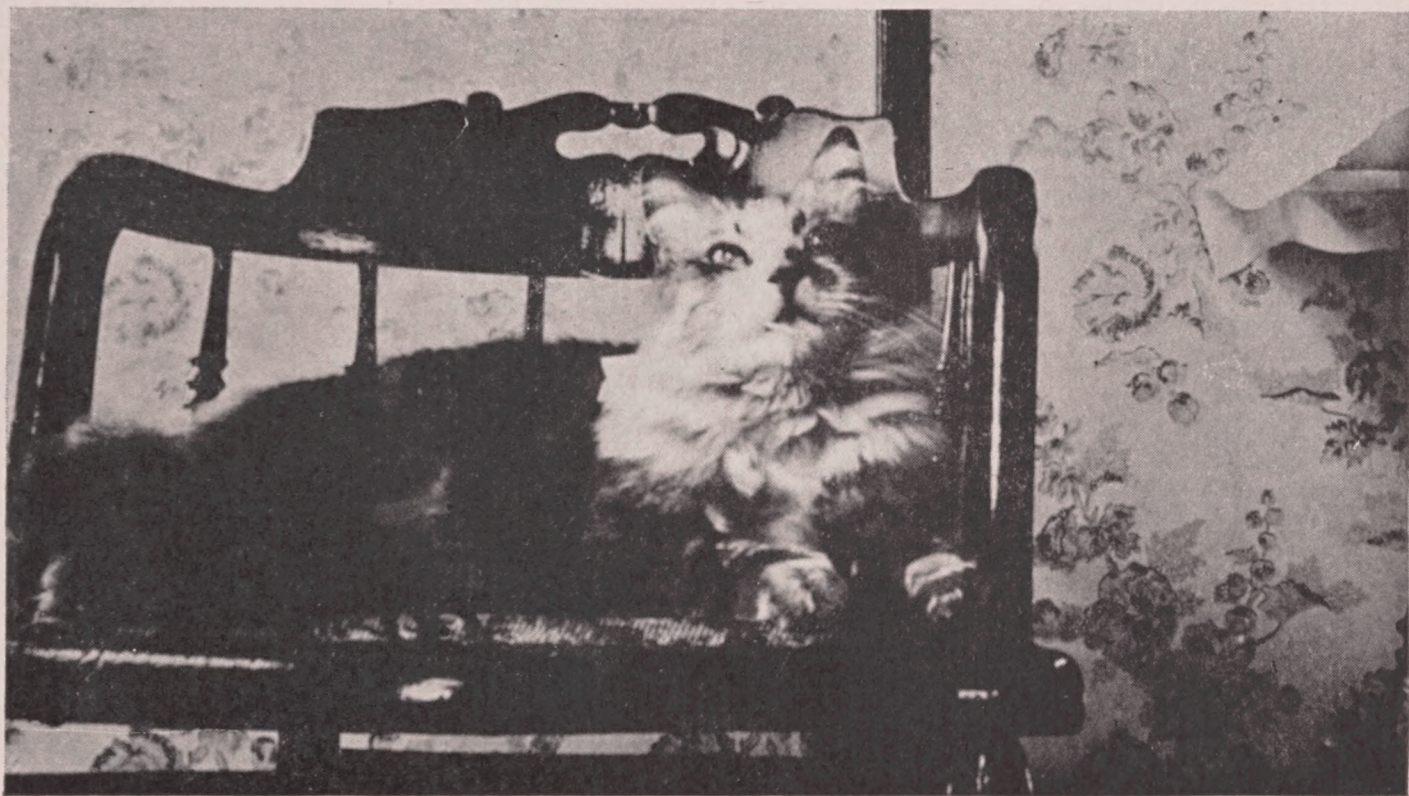


little fellow and, when he becomes a great Chinaman, how proud we shall be to introduce him as our friend, "Mister Wu."

"MR. TODDLES TOLMAN"

This story would not be complete without this darling cat, who is a friend of children, and also a playfellow.

"Toddles" is fifteen years old, and we give him the dignified title of "Mr." because a cat at fifteen years is as old



TODDLES TOLMAN (The Tea-Party cat, 15 years old)

as a gentleman of fifty; therefore, we cannot give him the title of "Master," as we would a little boy of the same age. In spirit and playfulness he is still a little boy, and it is very interesting to see him sit in his high-chair at the table and sip his cream out of a saucer. The tray of the high-chair is covered with a neat doily, and his saucer of cream is put upon it, and "Mr. Toddles" knows when milk is given to him, and he politely tells you that he prefers



cream, by not drinking milk, so his indulgent mistress gives him cream. "Toddles" is a beautiful blue and white Persian tabby; what is called blue by cat judges is what you and I would call Maltese, but remember the polite, pedigreed name is "blue." I suppose when "Toddles" was a baby he was baby-blue. However, he is a darling puss, and everybody loves him. "Mr. Toddles" traveled last summer 2,500 miles, and spent his summer at the seashore, where he walked on the beach and was one of the attractions of the place. His birthplace is in the state of Maine. His mistress has a harness for him and a lead. One day he was following her, and he saw for the first time in his fourteen years — a hen. My! but that hen looked funny to "Toddles"! He had heard about eating hens, so he wondered what he should do. While he was puzzling his head about that hen, a brood of little chickens came by, then he *was* interested; so he pulled as hard as he could to get away from his mistress, but she held to the chain and tried to explain to him that these were baby-chickens, and not to be eaten alive or dead. "Toddles" was very angry, and declared that it was not so wicked for him to eat live chickens as it was for live people to kill chickens that were helpless. We think that "Toddles" is more humane than most of the human beings. "Toddles" has never been exhibited at a show, but he is entered as a pedigreed cat. He has donated prizes for other cats, and in that way he does his part, but as he is such a pet, his mistress keeps him at home. "Toddles" can be termed an "entertainer," for he has been sought to entertain children ever since he was born. Friends of his mistress would send over and ask if "Toddles" could have a tea-party, and their children would come over to "Toddles'" house, and his mistress would spread a tea-cloth upon a sewing-table, and put the high-chair at the end, and the little host would run and get up into it, and sit up as quietly as a child; the



children would have chocolate-tea, and bread or cake and he would have cream, and they would have a jolly time. Many times a little girl-neighbor, who was an only child, spent an afternoon, while her mama went visiting, at "Toddles'" tea-party. This small girl, by the name of Emma, is now a little lady of thirteen years, and has outgrown "Toddles'" tea-parties.



## CHAPVER XIX

### “COLONEL KENWOOD”

Since we have left off talking about ourselves, and have been so busy writing about the Cat Show and the pedigreed cats, our little Kenny has been growing rapidly, and now he can jump up on the bed, climb the day-bolster, and do all sorts of energetic things. His eating talent is about the most perfect one, but he is not very particular about his menu. To-day he found our Mama's best breastpin on the floor and he got it all into his tiny mouth, and our Missy had to take it out. After that he tried to eat up an invisible hairpin, but as it was *visible* at the time it was discovered, that was taken from him. This afternoon we arrived at the apartments of our busy Kenny and found him at work eating a piece of illusion, which our Missy had cut from the fancy bow she had made to wear around her neck. Missy grasped the end of the white, fluffy finery and pulled it out of Ken's mouth; he had swallowed about two inches of illusion, — what an *illusion* that was to poor little Ken!

But, do you know, he is a regular goat in his tastes, although we can trace no goatology in his pedigree!

We heard the guitar being played, and for a moment we wondered whether ghosts were around; but no, it was just our Mascot, sitting up and really pulling at the strings and waiting for them to stop vibrating so that he could start them again. He must be a born musician.

We had company again last night (we have that most all the time, you know, for every one comes to see Colonel Kenwood and me), but when we went to get the little



brother he was gone, and for two hours we could not find him. Our Missy went upstairs and called him; she heard a faint cry, and opening a bureau drawer, out walked Colonel Kenwood, looking very angry. We all apologized, but he did not make up until his especial trick was asked of him, which is eating.

But Kenny, he is so cunning that everybody wants to adopt him. His tiger stripes are very pronounced now, and his body is catching up with his ears, so that he does not look as if his ears were the prize-winners of the rest of his extraordinary make-up. His dear little bow legs are becoming straighter, so that he no longer can cut the letter "U" upside down. We thought that his tail was going to remain short so as to make him look real pedigreed; but it has also taken a start, although we have done nothing to coax it along, so we fear that he will have just an ordinary tail. Do you know that he does not care one bit what we say about his specialties? He thinks that he is giving others pleasure to criticise him, and being independent, he accepts the opinions. Kenny thought that he was as big as I am, so he jumped into the bath-tub, thinking that he would land on the edge as he has seen me do; but he passed the railing and reached the bottom of the tub, when great was his surprise to find that he was in about three inches of water. He stood up with his four feet spread apart, his head raised with an imploring look in his eyes, and his mouth ready to cry. How his Master laughed when he reached down to take Kenny out! We had to give him a turkish rub, and put him near the register to dry. Now, when he wants to get into the tub to play with the stopper on the chain, he first jumps on the shoe-blackening case, and then in. How wise one becomes after such an experience! Kenny said to me — and he looked very cross when he said it — "Tid, you know you pushed me in."



A few days ago he jumped from the window-seat on our bedroom gas stove, but our Missy had just turned off the gas, so that the stove was only warm. We scolded him for that and explained that he might have burned his feet had the stove been hot. That night he went to extremes. When our maid went to the front door, he rushed by her and went outdoors. The maid did not know it, and was thoughtless enough not to look for him before she retired, so he was left out in the zero cold two hours, and when our family got home they found him. He was very cold, and was sick for three days with chills and "*la grippe*." Our Missy gave him some catnip tea, and warm milk, and puppy biscuits soaked in warm water, so he soon recovered; still, even now he runs when he sees a spoon, for he thinks all spoons have catnip tea in them, and it is bitter, you know. How he does like the biscuits, and now that his teeth are stronger, he likes to bite on them and eat them. I prefer cooked corn, peas, and boiled potatoes.

We found such a fine playhouse one day, behind the pictures on the floor in our Missy's studio, and what fun we did have! Kenny, being the smaller, got behind the large canvases, and I stayed on the outside, so we scratched at each other until we almost tore a hole in the canvas. My! but we heard a loud exclamation from the doorway, and we looked around in time to see our Missy with a very business-like look on her face; do you guess that we ran as fast as our four legs could travel? Now, we just walk by these pictures and look sidewise at them, but we do want to play there again,—you have heard us say, though, that our Missy is the "boss" in our house, so we have learned to obey her, for only through love, as she never whips us.

Colonel Kenwood, people say, has in his short life accomplished much in regard to languages. He talks



several, so *we* think; for instance, he says, "Voulez vous Tid?" that is French for "Will you, Kid?" Then he says, "Lats what I said, Tid," meaning "that's," "lats" being Chinese. Then when he is very anxious for me to think that he is telling the truth about something, he says, "Sure, Tid," which is a trifle Irish. Many other languages he speaks, but I have not time to tell you about them.

One afternoon a young boy brought our Missy a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations, our Missy's favorite flowers, and she placed them on her desk, in a vase filled with water. After the young boy friend, who is a well-known soprano soloist named Roscoe, had left, our curious little Colonel thought that he would investigate the pretty bright flowers that every one was smelling and holding to the nose; so he got up on the desk and put his wee nose to the flower which was hanging over the edge; he seemed to like the fragrance, so he drew in several long breaths; it was so agreeable to him that he tried to feel them with his wee right paw, and he found the flower so soft that he stood up on his third and fourth foot and held the flower between his front paws, all the time smelling it. This was indeed a picture, but as it was night, and the gaslight the only medium we had for taking a picture, we could not reproduce this beautiful one, much as we wished to do. All that evening he would get up on the desk and enjoy the carnations, and sometimes, in order to get a better view, he would climb upon some books, and look at them from a higher point; it really was very interesting to witness the strange fascination for flowers, that this kitten had. Missy says that flowers never were more appreciated in her home than were these lovely carnations. Just the same Kenny is very stubborn, for when we want him to sit down, he stands up; and when we want him to stay in one room, he prefers another; so we have a hard time educating him, for he is smart and



has a mind of his own, much too large for his tiny head; his ears agree with his mind in size. Being born in Kenwood, the Colonel is refined about his tastes, and once in a while, say once every three days, he washes his face himself; the rest of the time, if I do not wash it, it remains as it was since the last washing. As I spend so much time washing my face and combing my hair, I feel a bit shocked at Ken's indifference, but maybe when he is a little older, and does not require so much time for play, he may improve. Our Missy brushes us every day with our own hair brush, and so our hair keeps soft.

You cannot imagine how busy I have been getting all the cat pictures and sketches together in the compiling of this story-book for our little friends. If my darling little brother Sinbad had lived to help me, I feel sure that we should have been able to give you much more of interest, for he was so original and cunning. We have missed him so much, but I feel sure that we shall meet and be happy in the beautiful beyond, for our Missy believes that her faithful pets will welcome her in the land of the blest.

In closing our story I wish to thank our little readers for their patience and interest in us, just cats, and to ask them to think of us once and a while when they are loving their own pets, and remember the requests that we have made of each dear child, to do all in his or her power to help the homeless and abused animals. I was just a little tramp-kitten, but now I have become an author through the support and kindness of our Missy. I can but say that my only regret is that I cannot repay her for all that she has done for me; still, by being gentle and loving, I may help to do so, for I am sure that I love her, and that we both love all children and animals.

As a tribute to my little brother Sinbad, please remember that he was the *first* pet kitten in this story, and



entitled to all the honors, for it was through his original antics that the tale of two kittens was begun, thus laying the foundation for a story, which we hope not only will please our dear friends, but will be a firm corner-stone in the building of a greater stronghold in the minds and hearts of our readers, fulfilling the love which we bear our Creator, by caring for His helpless creatures, the DUMB ANIMALS.

Gratefully yours,

CAPTAIN KIDD JR.

























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